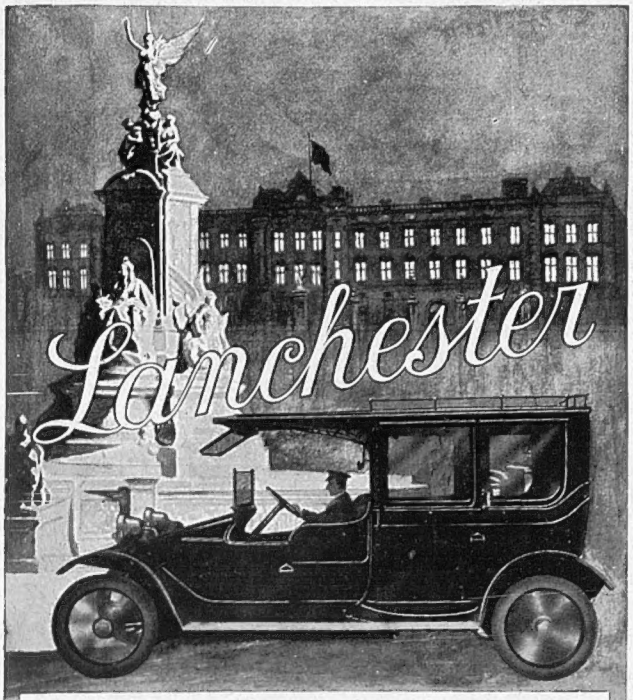

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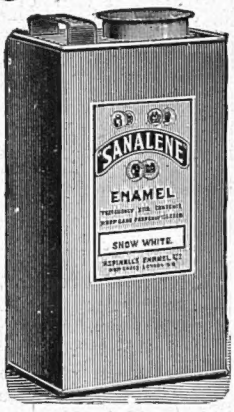

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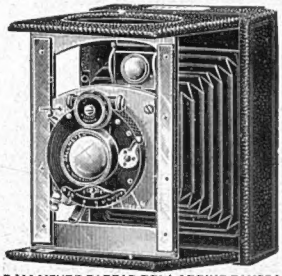

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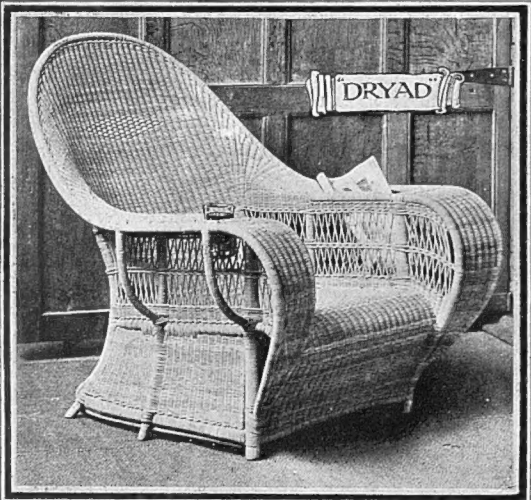

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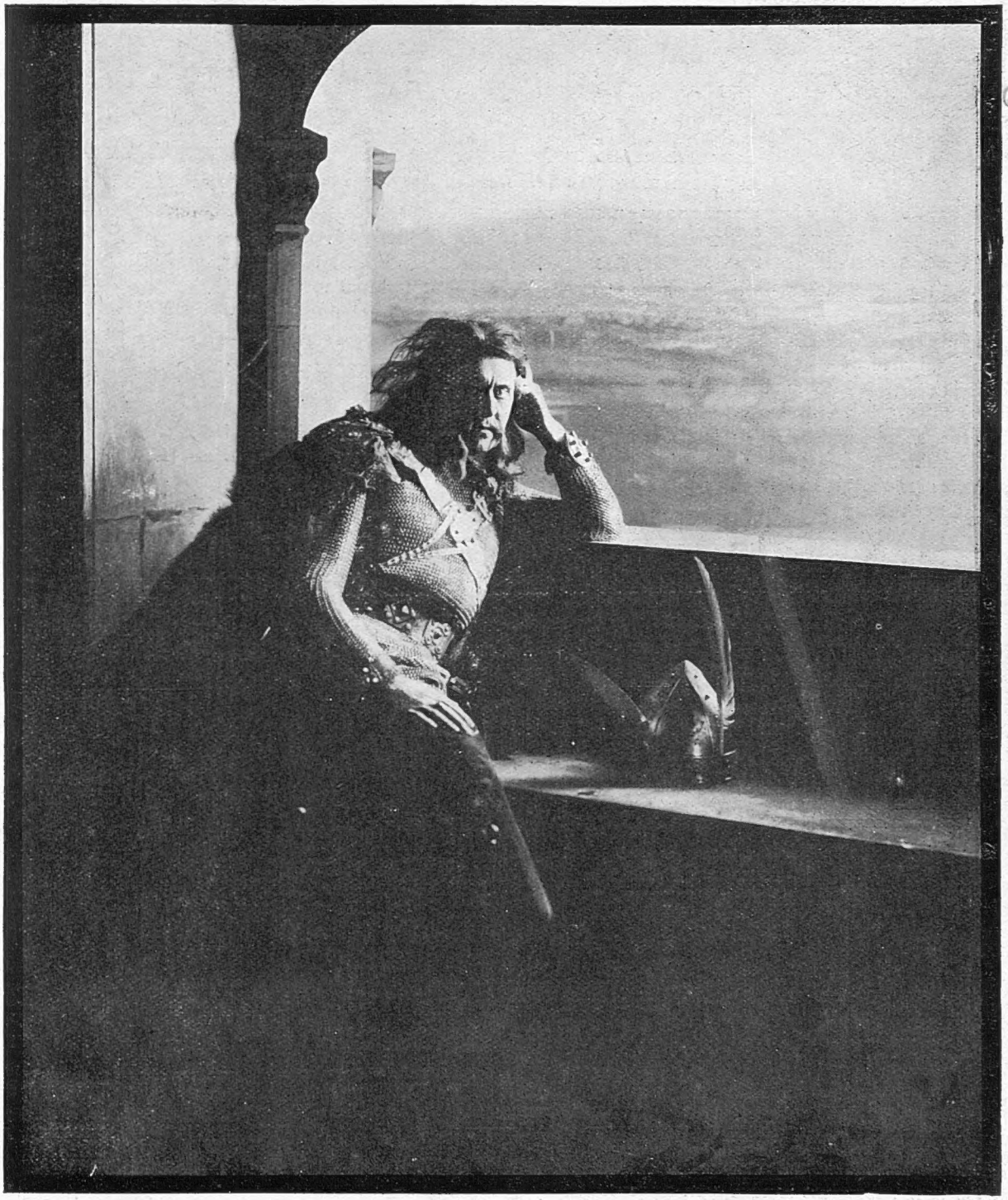
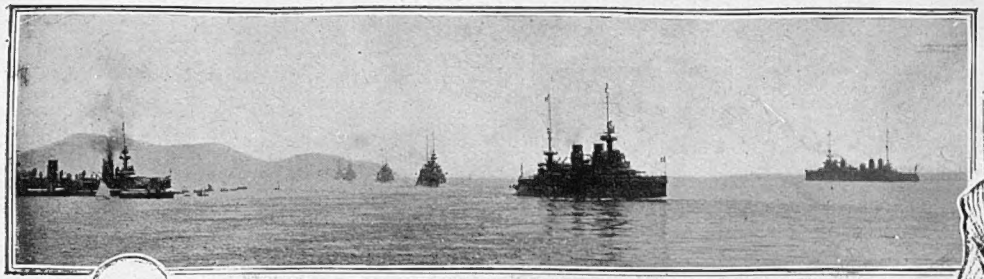


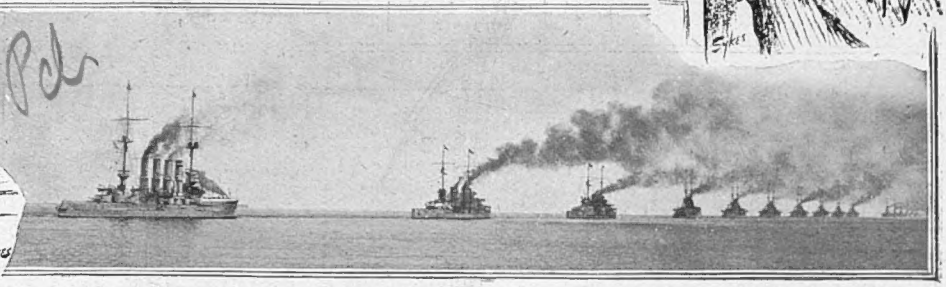
THE SCOWL OF THE THANE OF CAWDOR

As envisaged by Sir Herbert Tree in "Macbeth," produced, with great success, at His Majesty's Theatre on the 5th inst.



The French Fleet at Toulon (Inset M. Cambon, French Ambassador in Berlin)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



The German High Fleet off Kiel (Inset Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, German Foreign Secretary)

LAST WEEK'S MOROCCAN CONVERSATIONS—STRONG "LINES" OF ARGUMENT

London All Sunshine!

THE tropical weather—I believe one is at liberty to discuss it when it has begun to verge on the unseasonable—has disorganised most of one's capacities, including that of surprise. Otherwise one would have gasped to read, in one of the score of interviews with Signor Leoncavallo which have come from the Hippodrome, that the composer had said that London, where all was sunshine, was more suited for Italian music (such as his own) than for dreary German music (Wagner's).

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A Plea for the Channel

LONDON too bright for anything! Yes, at any lower temperature, one would have gasped. As it was at 93°, one just noted it and left it there. When, in the cool of eve, one reflected on it again, Leoncavallo seemed right. London *was* bright—provided always the Londoner took care to avoid all that was strenuous in word, deed, or thought. In this, the papers helped us considerably. Whoever it was that put up Burgess to choose last week for the Channel Swim—perhaps Burgess himself—chose the one form of activity the town would have tolerated. To have swum the Channel was the only physical feat to be forgiven any man, and Burgess had our free pardon. And now may we hope there will be some international conference to guarantee the Channel against any future crossings by isolated individuals either above or in the water? The only boring operation connected with the Channel we are now disposed to endure is the tunnelling thereof—and may it be soon.

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War—In Such Weather?

TO adapt themselves to it (I am still talking weather) even the crack Moroccan conversationalists, Kid. Waechter and Ju. Cambon, struck just the right note. Realising that talking was far too warm, they just handed each other what they had to say in writing. The fact that the documents did not, as we are told, either agree or disagree, was equally congenial to the public. It was far too hot to wish diplomats to do either. That war might result from disagreement was flatly incredible in such weather. Fahrenheit forbade.

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Ominous Signs

IF, however, any of us had the energy during the last week to feel pessimistic—if pessimism means the fear of war—Ministers have done little to allay our fears. The ominous news that they have been, some of them, actually in touch with their Ministerial duties has, no doubt, had a disturbing effect. When it leaked out that "Sir Grey" had actually been in attendance at the Foreign Office during the whole of the past week, that Mr. Lloyd George had been unable to open a bazaar at Criccieth because called to Town, that Mr. McKenna was in the Moray Firth inspecting the fleet, and that Mr. Churchill has suddenly given up digging sand-castles at Broadstairs to pay a flying visit to Paris—well, one needed to be an evening paper "occasional note" writer or, at least, a Mark Tapley, to feel jolly.

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The Need for Futility

THE Sports Editor, on p. 566, has some very cogent remarks to make on the Channel Swim, with which I agree so cordially that I will not anticipate them here. As he infers, futility is no indictment where sport is concerned, and Burgess very well typifies the proper British attitude of doing things first, and reasoning about them afterwards. Heaven help us in the coming war if our soldiers and sailors are guided by reason. Here, the Germans will beat us every time. It is glorious futilities that are our national speciality, and they have their value in war if only because they so disconcert the enemy and stay his hand—just as, for instance, a gloriously futile wasp is staying mine as I write these lines.

The Use of the Wasp in Warfare

WASPS in warfare. Now I come to think of it, why has their use in national defence never been considered by the War Office? If the invader knew that England, no matter how sparse her soldiers, had mammoth underground hives concealed at innumerable points round the coast, which, by the working of a secret spring controlled from Whitehall, could be opened simultaneously to release myriads and myriads of the noxious insects—would the risk be worth the German's while? You can shoot down men and bombard cities, but what an army corps would do against countless myriads of wasps I really don't know. Any doubt as to our national power to raise that number must surely be non-existent after what we have experienced this summer.

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Anglo-German War (Matrimonial)

NO doubt the young English girl who got the £500 damages from her false German professor lover deserved them, but I do not share my halfpenny contemporaries' horror at the latter's "last letter," in which he warned the girl that "love was not all," that "married life would not be all love-making and happiness," also that "an English girl might not be able to adapt herself to German ideas of the status of woman." In the first two matters, the professor only stated what is an accepted commonplace of modern thought. There's hardly a living novelist who, desiring to end his romance happily, chooses the altar therefor. Most of them do the reverse—they open at the altar, and the novel tells how they live unhappily ever after. As to an English girl not being able to adapt herself to German ideas as to the status of woman, surely this is a high compliment. If one wanted really to be rude to an English girl, one would tell her that she *would* make a German housewife.

The First Aerial Postman

The aerial post, about which we have heard so much lately, became an actuality on Saturday last, when Mr. G. Hamel—the first aerial postman—successfully carried mails to Windsor from the Hendon Aerodrome

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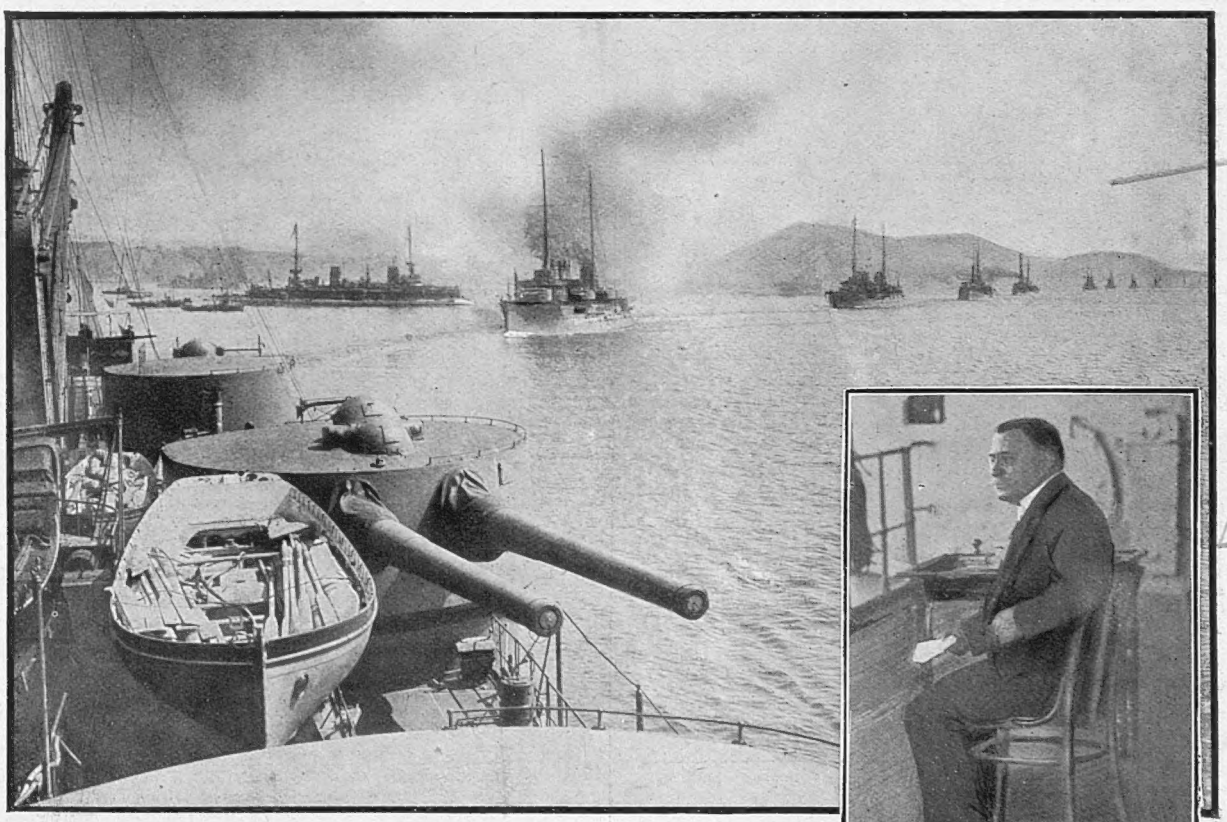
Highland Gathering—A Grave Protest

THE Braemar Gathering is an old and time-honoured institution. It has an important bearing upon the preservation of the cult of the kilt, and in the days of Queen Victoria it flourished exceeding, and was rightly regarded as the most fashionable Society function of the upper Deeside. But of late years it appears to have languished. The clans gathered, each arrayed in their distinctive tartans, and paraded picturesquely to the inspiriting skill of the pipes; and then the brawny Highlandmen, stripped of most of their superfluous raiment, displayed their

(*Continued on page 528*)



MOROCCAN DRAMA: RE-ENTER THE VILLAIN, PUFFING SMOKE

Delcassé, dismissed at the instigation of the Kaiser in 1905, never, it was thought, to return, has returned—with a renovated French fleet, ready for war. When the Monis Cabinet was formed he took the Marine portfolio. In six months he has been able to show Germany that he—and also France—still exists. "Aha!" he seems to be saying to the Kaiser. "We meet again!"

M. Delcassé, Watching his "Ready for War" Fleet at Toulon

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THE JEW'S HOUSE. By Fergus Hume. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
SHE WAS A WIDOW. By Ruth Rivers. (Long: 3s. 6d.)
THE UNCONSCIOUS BIGAMIST. By Mrs. C. Shute. (Long: 6s.)
THE TORCH OF VENUS. By L. Mortimer. (Long: 6s.)
ABERAFON. By J. E. Williams. (Long: 6s.)
OLIVER'S KIND WOMEN. By P. Gibbs. (Herbert and Daniel: 6s.)
THE WHITE OWL. By Kate Horn. (Paul.)
THE SCHOOL OF LOVE. By Priscilla Craven. (Laurie: 6s.)
BLACK HUMPHREY. By J. Cassidy. (Scott Publishing Company: 6s.)
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THROUGH THE ALPS TO THE APENNINES. By P. G. Konody. (Paul, Trench: 12s. 6d. net.)
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PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. By J. H. Humphreys. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
LIFE AND ITS PUPPETS. By O. Rothfeld. (Allen: 3s. 6d. net.)
BUILDERS OF NATIONS. By Margaret Burke. (Greening: 2s. 6d. net.)
FAIRY STORIES. By Mrs. H. Y. Stanger. (Century Press: 3s. 6d.)
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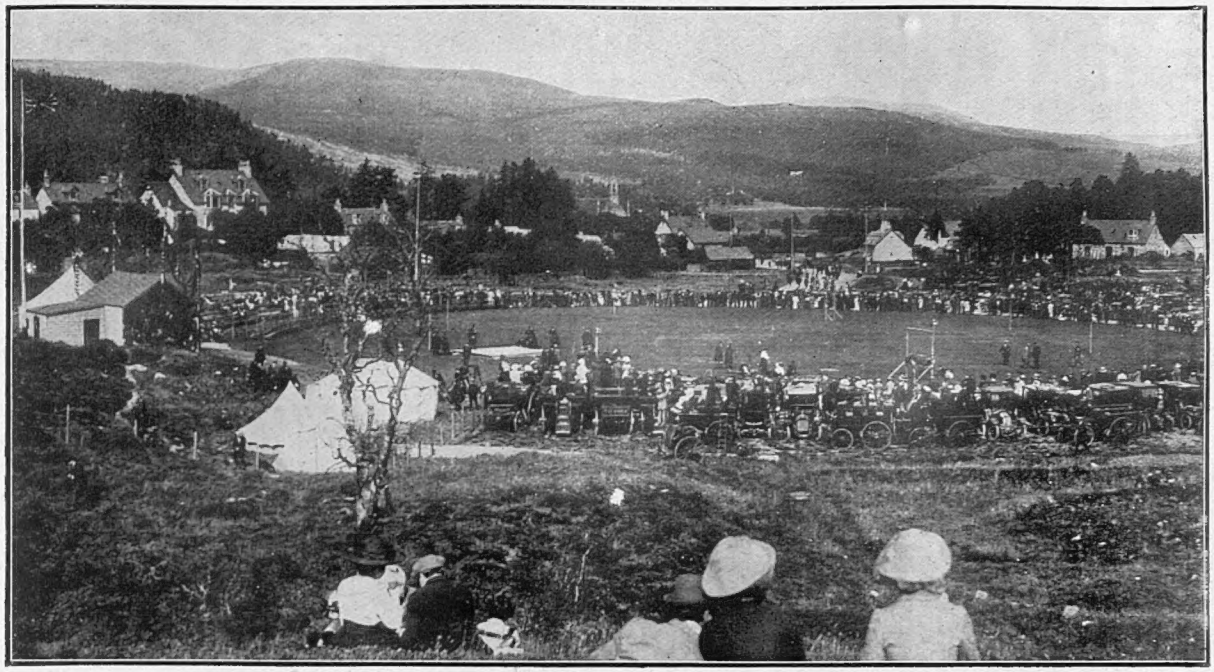
"Whom the King Delighteth to Honour"

A RECORD HIGHLAND GATHERING AT BRAEMAR



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD

The presence of Royalty, the bright sunshine, and the enthusiasm of the large crowd which came to this annual gathering of the clans on Thursday last, combined to make it one of the most successful in the annals of Scottish sport

THE ROYAL PAVILION

King George, in full Highland costume, which he wears as to the manner born, is easily recognisable. A glimpse of Queen Mary can also be gained just inside the pavilion on the reader's left

(Continued from page 525)

strength and skill in the various Highland games, their agility in dancing, and so on. But if they did not actually play to empty benches, there were signs that the glory of other days was on the wane. It was felt that this would not do at all, that the show, in homely language, needed "bucking-up." Everybody said that all that was needed was the presence of the King and Queen, and the thing would be done, and everybody, as usual, was right. They came, and their coming caused hundreds of other people that mattered to come, too. In short, they set the Braemar Gathering on its kilted legs again. I must, however, be allowed to make just one little protest. Look at the hero of the stone-putting competition on the next page. Observe his brawny legs. They are encased, not in the orthodox stockings, but in socks held up by suspenders! Now suspenders are excellent things in their way. Used in conjunction with trousers they are wholly unexceptionable, but, I ask, are they compatible with kilts? Are they not rather calculated to bring the national costume, as the lawyers would say, into odium, contempt, and ridicule?

Our Parliamentary Competition

I HOPE to be able to announce the winner of this contest next week. Owing to the need of extreme care in making the calculations, and to the high degree of prophetic skill shown by competitors generally, the task is occupying rather longer than we had hoped. Nevertheless, the prize—a handsome Straker-Squire motor-car, ready for the road—by whomsoever it is won, will be well worth the waiting for.

An Appeal to Society

IN attempting to write about Society just at present, I feel like a good person struggling against adversity. Society is not, to be candid, helping me much in these days. It is, I admit, doing everything that it ought to be doing—but that is just my trouble. Strict proprieties do not make bright pars. I appeal, therefore, to Society, now that autumn approaches to play its historic part in these, the hours of our Imperial decline. We are on the eve, we all know, of war; also of revolution, also of disintegration. Rome is burning, but where, oh where, are the dulcet strains of Nero's fiddle? Where is that callous unconcern for the woes of the poor that has marked every properly constituted aristocracy on the eve of previous upheavals? It is true, Society rests, and shoots, and takes its cures; but rarely, nowadays, does it do either picturesquely enough to make up one page of snapshots. Instead, I have to fall back on Dom Manoel, the only young royalty who affords me any material for interesting speculation.

Keeping in the Public Eye
Dom Manoel, who, by driving out and about, provides illustrated papers with the needful weekly snapshot. He is above seen with the Duke of Orleans at Weybridge, driving to the memorial service in honour of the late Comte de Paris

Wanted—More Indiscretion

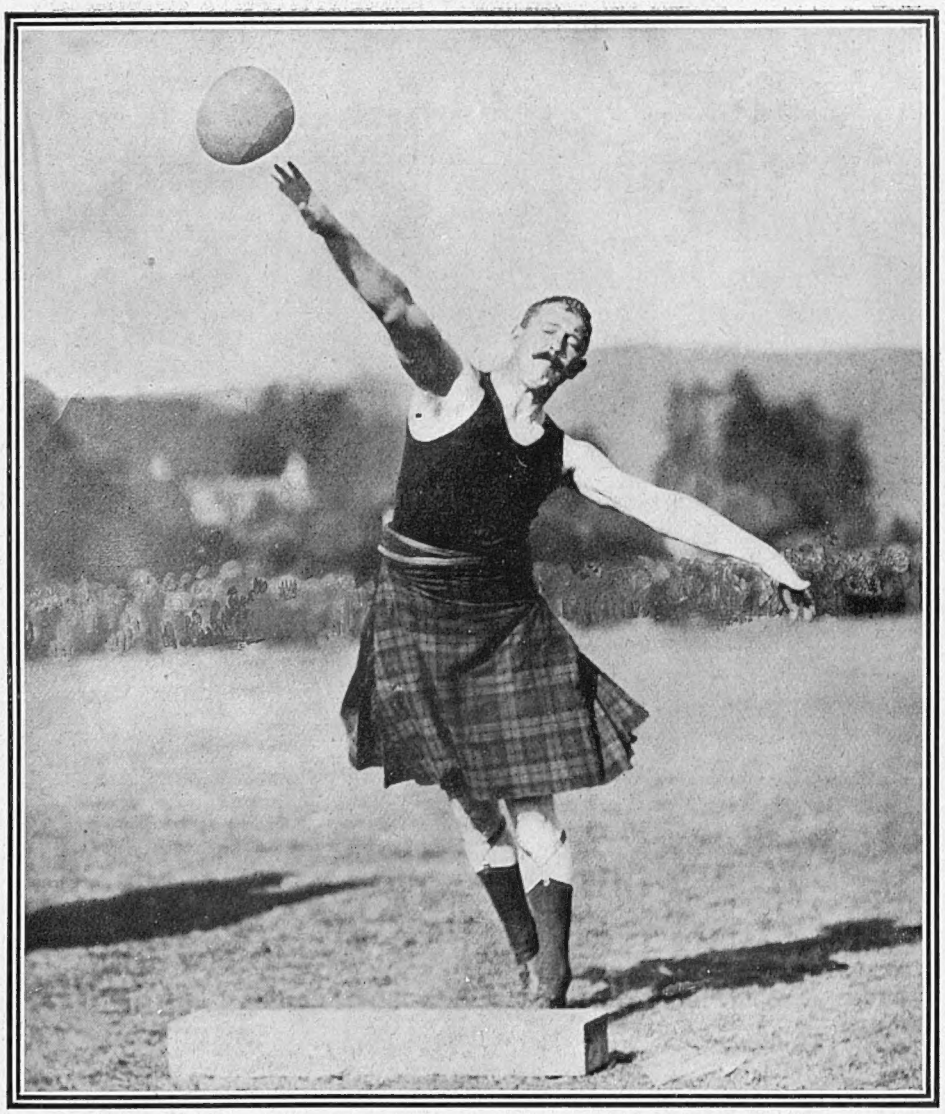
It may be claimed that the aristocracy, by being dull on the eve of national disaster, is saving itself from the deluge. I do not believe it. It was the indiscretions of the great ones at the great Courts that saved them from worse fates, for brilliant sin will always command a certain amount of popular sympathy. An aristocracy which, on the eve of upheavals, has only dulness to appeal to the imagination of the people will suffer a far worse fate. Why have the Hapsburgs endured? Why is there still a Bourbon movement in France? Why is there still, in England, a kindly feeling for the nobles of the Stuart days? Because, with all their faults, they had great charm. Society must really bestir itself and become more exciting. For the homely virtues, there is ever the middle-class, whose right to the monopoly it will be dangerous to dispute.

Royal Holidays

To pass from aristocracy to royalty, simplicity is the keynote of existence on Deeside; there are no ceremonies, no functions. The chief business of Kingship—the signing of State documents, etc.—is disposed of with quite astonishing rapidity on top of the toast and marmalade, and the house-party, with the exception, perhaps, of the Minister in attendance, is composed only of Royalty's most intimate friends and relations.

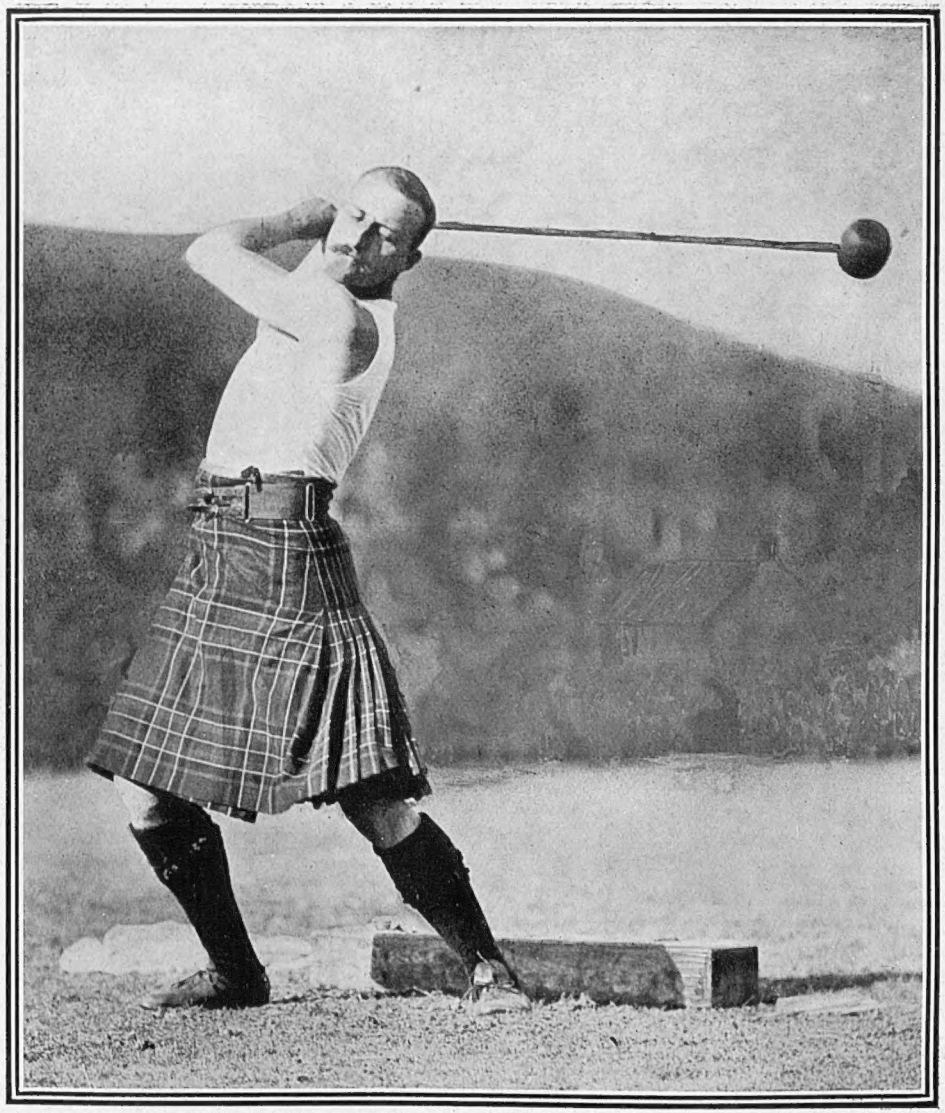
The New Balmoral

As at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and, indeed, all the Royal residences, there is very little resemblance between the Balmoral of to-day and the Balmoral to which, much to the inconvenience of her Governments, Queen Victoria loved to retire for months and months on end. King Edward, though he never spent much time there, let loose on the place a whole army of upholsterers, decorators, and similar craftsmen, with the happy result that all the spurious, grey and yellow, "Prince Consort" tartan (as well as all the plaster statues of now dead and gone domestics) found homes in the lumber-rooms, and were replaced by the flowered chintzes, muslins, and pale silk hangings of a more modern taste.



PUTTING THE STONE: McCOMBIE SMITH, THE WINNER

Socks and suspenders, instead of the orthodox stockings do not seem a particularly fitting adjunct to the kilt



THROWING THE HAMMER: G. McKENZIE, THE WINNER

The Highland hammer is more like a hammer than the weight at the end of a wire used in athletics elsewhere

THE STRONG MEN OF THE HIELANDS AT PLAY: TWO WINNERS AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING ON THURSDAY LAST

The King's Sport

There is said to be a very heavy stock of red and roe deer in the Royal forests this year, enough sport, even without the trout-fishing and other things, to keep the King busy with a gun till well into October. I think it was the late Mrs. Craigie who declared deer-stalking, though it is the sport of kings (and millionaires), to be every bit as cruel as bull-fighting or elephant-shooting.

Deer-Stalking, Ancient—

However that may be, it is, at any rate, certain that the bringing down of a stag to-day is a very much less fatiguing affair than formerly. In his younger days King Edward was much addicted to the sport of deer-stalking, which then meant following an animal on foot, sometimes on all fours, over hill and down dale for miles and miles until, with the graceful animal up against the skyline, the moment came to shoot.

—And Modern

Nowadays the modern, and, so far as the guns themselves are concerned, more difficult way, is to have the deer beaten up and driven before the guns, who are posted in butts, in which fashion two years ago the King brought down the largest stag ever chronicled in the Royal game returns. Rows of magnificent antlers obtained by the Prince Consort and the late King adorn the great panelled entrance hall at Balmoral, one end of which holds a large white marble bust of Queen Victoria and the other a statue of Prince Albert by Theed.

Photograph *Swaine*

Tragic Sequel to a Literary Divorce

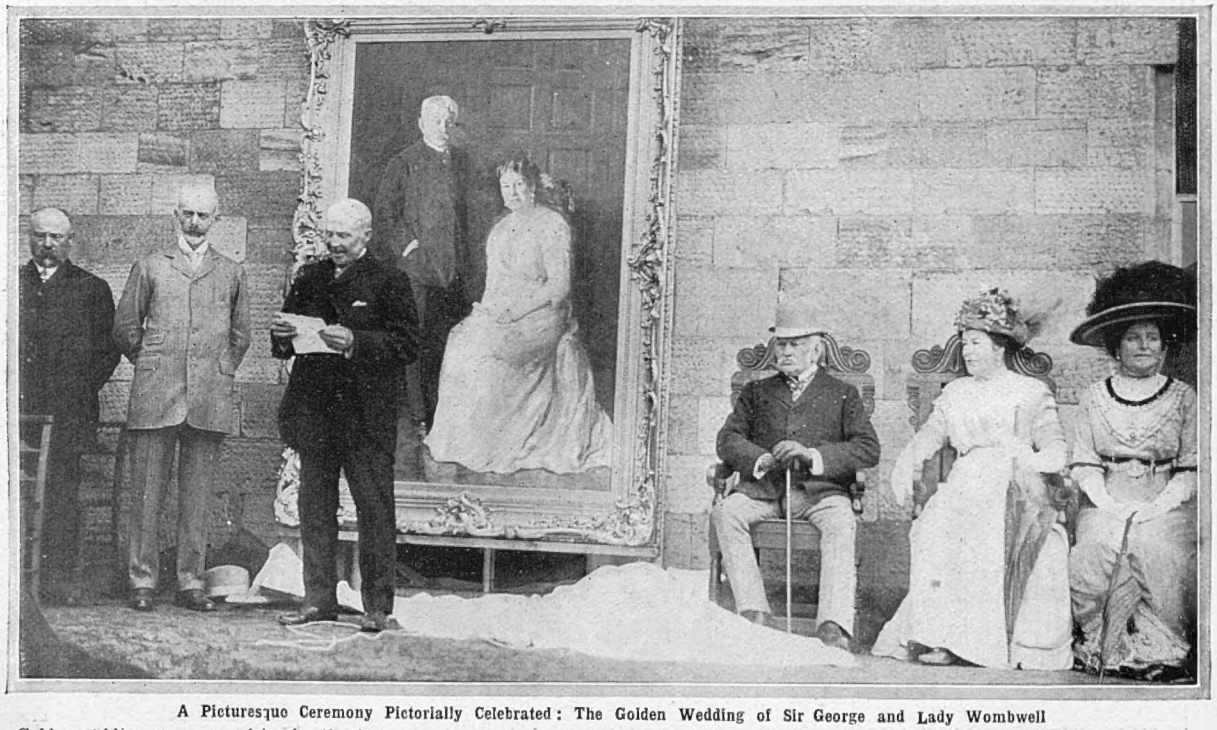
Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, who, after motoring to Cork for the Cork Park Races, was found dead under tragic circumstances at her hotel. She was the author of "John Chilcote, M.P.," and a writer of considerable literary ability, formerly the wife of that even more accomplished writer, Mr. E. Temple Thurston

Royal Guests

Lord Rosebery, an annual guest of the King, to whom he recently somewhat incorrectly referred as "young and inexperienced"; Mr. Birrell, a dinner-companion comparable in charm only to Mr. George; Sir Colin Keppel and Sir Stuart Beatson, both old friends of His Majesty, were among last week's guests at Balmoral. Before leaving for Canada next month the much-travelled Connaughts, who, at this time last year were just off to South Africa, will visit Balmoral; and among other visitors expected are the Marquise d'Hautpoule, Lord Kitchener, Lord Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. McKenna, Count Mensdorff, and the Marquis de Soveral.

An American Hostess

Money levels all men, of course, but I understand that Chicago takes rather extra special pride in the fact that one of the chief hostesses of Royalty up in the North is the ex-Miss Field, now wife of Admiral Beatty, and daughter of one of the richest dry goods storekeepers that even America has ever produced. Mrs. Beatty rents Invercauld, which overlooks Balmoral on the other side of the Dee, from the Chief of the Clan Farquharson, and it was King Edward, the hospitable, who, having shot with his "youngest Admiral" over his wife's famous moors, asked both up to dine at the Castle.



A Picturesque Ceremony Pictorially Celebrated: The Golden Wedding of Sir George and Lady Wombwell

Golden weddings are rare celebrations in these days of strenuous life. And gratitude seems even rarer still. Sir George and Lady Wombwell have therefore reason to regard the homage of their tenants at Newburgh Park with the keenest gratification. In unveiling the presentation picture by Mr. W. B. Egan, Mr. Watson, the oldest tenant, wished Sir George and Lady Wombwell many more years of happiness

Bailey—Westenra

A SOUTH AFRICAN UNION CONSOLIDATED IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY

THE WEDDING LAST TUESDAY AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE SQUARE, OF THE HON. MARY WESTENRA AND SIR ABE BAILEY

The marriage of Sir Abe Bailey, South African millionaire, to the Hon. Mary Westenra, daughter of Lord Rossmore, united the richest "catch of the season" with the most beautiful. Members of suburban society came up in crowds to witness the ceremony, but Society itself was not too well represented. Next week, after a honeymoon in Ireland, both bride and bridegroom will sail for South Africa, which they will make their home

The Centre of the Universe

For all those who can bring themselves for a day or so to desert the "modest sleekit speckled cock" it is Oban that is this week the centre of the Scottish universe. Here, in a field behind the town, there are the usual "Games"; in the unfathomable blue bay (where divers still dive for sunken Spanish treasure) there are yachts galore; and at night there are dances, with, of course, house-parties everywhere within motoring or driving distance.

A Highland Ball

At these Highland balls, which go on all night to the accompaniment of many weird noises and still weirder dancing, "best frocks" and diamonds are worn—and this though the festivities are nothing if not of a somewhat "mixed" variety. It is, however, the men who on these occasions carry off the "sartorial palm." The greater number turn up, of course, in Highland dress, and the officers of the various Highland regiments especially make a fine, brave show in all the gorgeous glory of their extremely picturesque, vastly becoming, and quite deliciously absurd full-dress.

Bored

Highland meetings, as I believe I may have dared to whisper once or twice before, are not the sort of gatherings at which the mere Southerner, at any rate, is particularly amused or has much opportunity of putting in that good time which a French writer has lately declared to be the sole occupation of the modern Briton. I *suppose* the Scots like them, and the lairds and their ladies, of course, *have* to turn up just to keep things in countenance. But I *have* caught even these kilted demagogues looking ferociously bored, and this in the very midst of the "revelling," which always, needless to say, includes much "wailing" and "lamenting" on those impressive bagpipes.

Doncaster

House-parties assembled for Doncaster generally throw in a day or two's shooting, which is one of the reasons, perhaps, why the meeting is such a favourite one. For many years in succession *the* Doncaster party was that given at Rufford by Lord and Lady Savile in honour of King Edward. Now it is, I suppose, Wentworth Woodhouse, Lord Fitzwilliam's huge seat, which contributes, at any rate, the biggest collection of guests to swell the great gathering on Doncaster Town Moor, affectionately nicknamed the "Derby of the North."

At Tranby Croft

At Tranby Croft, too, there are no longer, of course, the very gay and smart parties that distinguished it during the later Victorian era, when the Hull Wilsons first burst upon the social world. There is no host there now, and though both Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her daughter are the cleverest of hostesses, only small parties are entertained for either York or Doncaster. Last week Miss Muriel Wilson, with her friend, Lady Marjorie Manners, was the guest of the Crown Princess of Sweden at Stockholm, where Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught were also staying with their sister.

Photograph *Haines*

A Liberal Bishop for Birmingham

Dr. Russell Wakefield, Dean of Norwich, who succeeds Dr. Gore in the See of Birmingham. He is a broad Churchman, a strong Liberal and Social Reformer, and a personal friend of Mr. Asquith

A "Grey" in Canada

One of H.R.H.'s son's brother-officers, Captain Walter Long, of the Scots Greys, has just been appointed to the staff of the Duke of Connaught in Canada. The life of an A.D.C. is not "all jam" anywhere, least of all, perhaps, in Canada, where, at the Viceregal Court, there is an amount of touchiness almost unbelievable to those who have never encountered it. Captain "Toby" Long, however, has a fortunate knack of acquiring popularity, as well as a very fair share of that "manner" without which, *vide* an authority on the profession, an A.D.C. "had better retire from the business."

The "Bag" of the Season

Records are the fashion, led by the amazing weather. But all the same, it was really a *very* record record in great grouse "bags" that was made last week on the Duke of Buccleuch's Roxburghshire moors. No fewer than thirteen hundred brace of grouse were accounted for by eight guns (who would have brought down more only ammunition gave out), and who included Lord Dalkeith, Lord George Scott, Lord Henry Scott, Lord Francis Scott, the Duke's sons, Lord Ernest Hamilton, and Lord Whitchester, the second heir to the Buccleuch dukedom.

A Catch of the Season

There are rumours that yet another octogenarian peer is contemplating matrimony (this time with a

The St. Leger Favourite

LORD DERBY'S COLT, WHICH WON THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES AT YORK

KING WILLIAM (FRANK WOOTTON UP) AT YORK

It is obvious, by King William's fine race against Longboat in the Duke of York Stakes, that the colt has every chance of success for the St. Leger. Lord Derby may count upon a very popular win if his horse justifies expectations

widow); and a still more interesting bit of gossip is that the announcement of Lord Rocksavage's retirement from the 9th Lancers presages one concerning his lordship's reported intention to marry a lady of musical-comedy renown. It will be remembered that Lord Cholmondeley's other son, Lord George Cholmondeley, married last year the ex-Mrs. Stirling, in which connection, by the way, I hear that Mrs. Atherton is very anxious to let or sell, furnished or unfurnished, her famous house on the river bank at Maidenhead.

The Reawakening

Mayfair is still a desert and Bond Street a strangely silent place, but in the regions round about things are waking up a little, and there are signs of the days to

A PROPHET WHO HATH HONOUR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

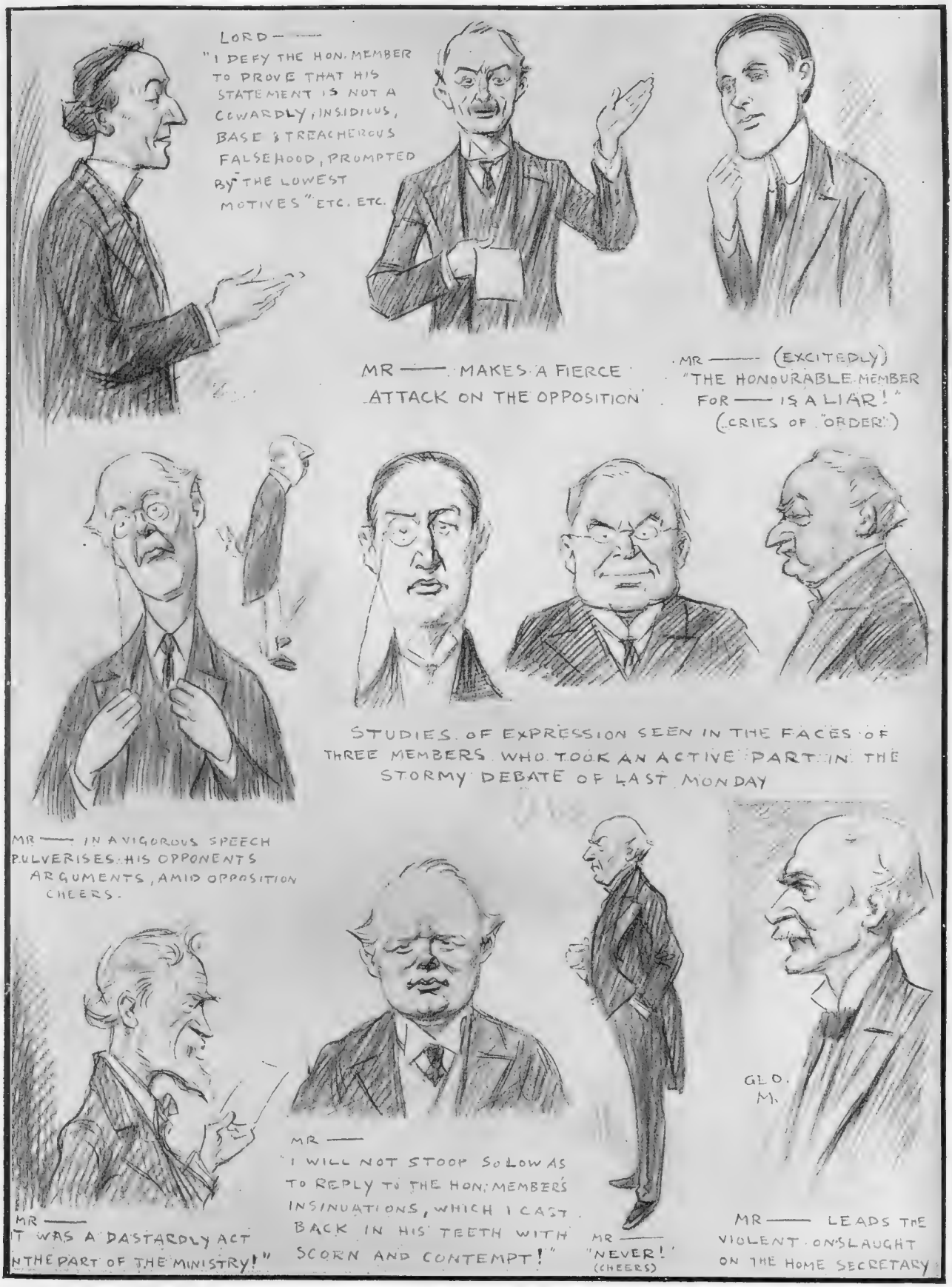
Mr. Lloyd George drives through Seven Sisters, near Neath (Glam.), (in a handsome and luxurious motor-car) after having delivered a pleasant little denunciation of those dreadful people, the rich—who also, by the way, drive in motor-cars

A September Wedding

Though Society, owing to the time of year, was, perhaps, somewhat scantily represented at last week's big Society wedding—Sir Abe and Lady Bailey's—Suburbia turned up in terrific force, as usual, and a stuffy crowd of some three or four thousand—mostly women—surged round the tall, pretty bride when she arrived at the church, as well as when she left on the arm of her multi-millionaire, white-haired, bridegroom. "Dr. Jim," who in hair and deportment is beginning to show signs of a strenuous life, was best man, and "best bridesmaid" was the bridegroom's daughter, a girl only a very few years younger than her stepmother. Sir Abe and Lady Bailey sail for South Africa on business next week, after a brief honeymoon spent in the bride's native Ireland.

come. Coming back to Town while the sun shines all day, the skies are blue and the nights silver, is always a necessity, never a pleasure, in sweet September, when country places are still at their loveliest and sport at its very best. But for nine-tenths of us it is an excursion that must be undertaken. Fortunately, just at this time, there are always the theatres, which, with commendable solicitude, are presenting *premières* at the rate of at least one every night, obviously with no other intent than to cheer the drooping spirits of the prematurely—and unwillingly—back-in-towns.

Parliament As It Is Portrayed

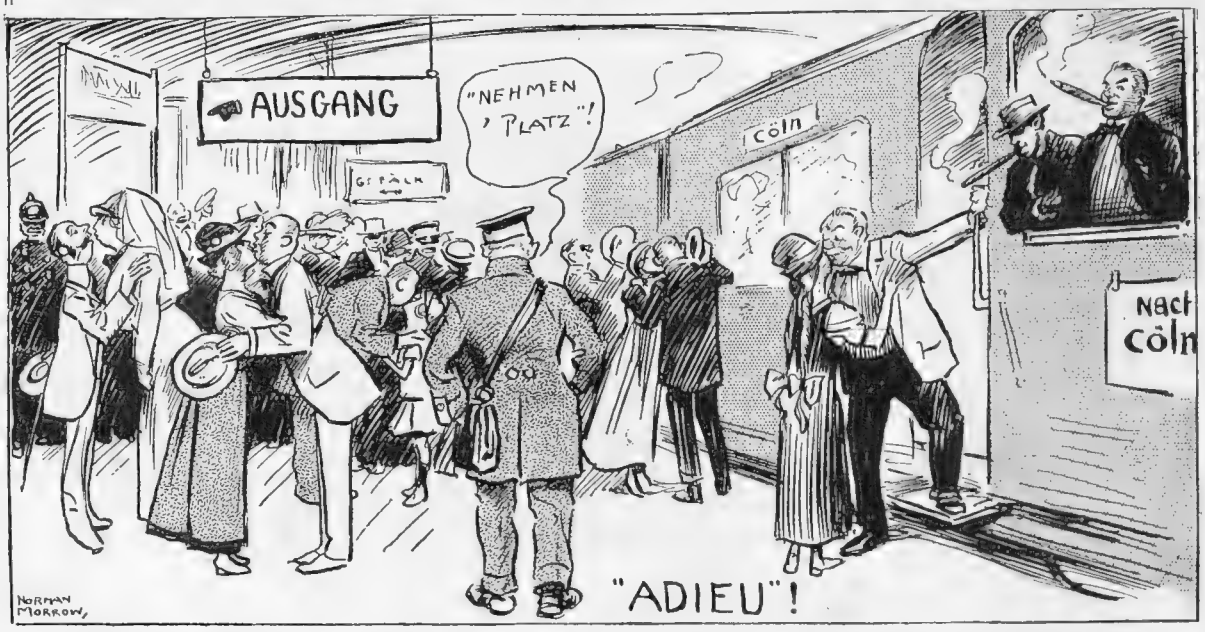


Have You Ever?

Read an exciting Parliamentary debate, and then turned to one of the illustrated papers to learn exactly how the different speakers looked as they uttered those burning words

(DRAWN—WITH ALL THE NEEDFUL APOLOGIES—BY GEORGE MORROW)

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD



"AUF WIEDERSEHEN": THE ART OF PARTING AS PRACTISED IN SENTIMENTAL NUREMBURG

A VISIT TO NUREMBERG. BY "JINGLE"

THE impression I have of Germany is that it is, among other things, a land of clean streets; and what I saw of Nuremberg certainly confirms the impression. If one must live in cities instead of in the open country, it seems to me that Nuremberg offers as wholesome a kind of city-life as could be sampled anywhere. Besides, there is another thing about Nuremberg that convinces me that the people of those parts know when to do the right thing. They showed me the house of a personage who had been in business as a publisher. In 1806 this publisher was taken from his house and stood up against the wall, and—shot. It seems to me that a city that has a fine record like this is giving a friendly lead to the rest of civilisation. I know one or two publishers who—but these things must be done cautiously and with delicacy. I must try and find out which of our Government departments attends to this useful form of public service.

Nuremberg is a City of Shadows. As long as you walk in the wide, modern thoroughfares you may well fancy yourself in the world of to-day and to-morrow; but you can scarcely turn a street-corner without meeting the spectre of yesterday. It is there in the quaint old houses with red roofs built in such impossible situations for residential purposes that I could not rid myself of the notion that some of them must have been run up quite recently for the delight of the tourist. Many of them have, indeed, the appearance of the painted lath-and-plaster buildings that spring up from year to year at Earl's Court by way of reproducing the architecture of other places and other times. Here and there you come upon a house that is famous for nothing except for being old. Neither Albrecht Dürer nor Hans Sachs nor Peter Vischer, the three patron saints of Nuremberg, ever lived there. It is one of the mute inglorious Miltons of the ancient building department of the city. I saw two or three such houses in odd corners of Nuremberg; but nothing was known of them except that they were of a great age. They were unusually tall; and starting out of their sloping roofs were numbers of little gabled attic-windows, from which you could almost fancy the sternly vigilant eye of some dead-and-gone monitor was still peering round the city to find traces of stiff-necked heresy.

A great artist once told me that there would never again be painted pictures of the quality of the Old Masters until the world had returned to the faith that inspired them and their work. I offer no opinion as to this, of course, but the remark came back to me as I was looking at the decorative architecture of the Church of St. Lawrence, which is Nuremberg's chief ecclesiastical treasure. The extraordinarily minute detail of the carving on the pillars and exterior generally suggests that so wonderful a work could have been produced by no ordinary inspiration in Art. The same thing might, perhaps, be said of the Tomb of St. Sebaldus, which is claimed to be one of the finest works of art in Germany. I am informed (and, as they say in the Law Courts, conscientiously believe) that Peter Vischer and his five sons were engaged on this work for a period of thirteen years. It may well be so. But it is difficult to imagine such a tremendous task being undertaken in these materialistic days. The artist would have his Gothic decorations stamped out in duplicate by machinery; and the Saints on the various pedestals would be obtained ready-made from Birmingham, with the usual reduction on taking a quantity.

The mediæval fountains of Nuremberg throw a gentler shadow than some of their contemporary structures. There is a certain delicate pathos about the Schönbrunnen in the market-place, with its fine

Lest We Forget

THE GERMANY THAT LOVES NOT BLOOD AND IRON

Amid the din and rattle of sabres in other parts of Germany it is pleasant to reflect that in quaint old Nuremberg the peasant-citizens' life goes on gaily as if nothing were transpiring. Life in Nuremberg is a step into the seventeenth century, a dream of old gardens and guild houses, of rich architecture, old-world costumes, and convivial, light-hearted citizens

carvings designed to associate such prominent persons as David of Israel, Joshua, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, to say nothing of the great Moses himself, with the seven Electors of the period, worthy gentlemen whose names have scarcely survived till our day. Another homely touch is given by the Fountain of the Virtues, a charming piece of work representing a number of female figures, who supply water to the thirsty from the tender source to which all mankind first looks for its earliest nutriment. On a pedestal above the ladies is placed a figure of Justice with a crane (the bird, not the machine), the symbol of vigilance. As luck would have it, the guide-book that I obtained for reference was in French, and I could not help noticing that its description of this Fountain presented quite an alarming instance of what is known to the elect as a "double intender." After explaining that the images were those of virgins representing the Virtues, my guide-book added: "*Au sommet, une grue.*" As most students of very modern French are aware, "*grue*" is not the French word for "crane" only . . . .

The shadow of the famous Town Hall, or Rathaus, as it is known locally—whether suitably or not, it is hardly for a mere stranger to inquire—is over all the city still. One of the specialities of the toymakers of Nuremberg is a working model of the *Eiserne Jungfrau*, an unspeakable instrument of torture known to us as the "Iron Maiden." It was originally, as most readers know, a large box made in the shape of a woman. The lid was hinged, and on the inside of it were a number of spikes calculated to make a decided impression on the most robust constitution. The victim was placed in the box, the lid was shut, and the spikes did the rest. I was informed that this pleasing instrument for bringing opponents round to your way of thinking is no longer in Nuremberg, as it has been acquired by an English Peer. This looks like business. I felt sure the House of Lords would be contemplating reprisals shortly, and my earnest and friendly advice to the Government is to try and hedge a little while there is yet time.

I think if I lived in Nuremberg I would try and forget its ancient glories, and make the most of the many opportunities afforded by this grand city for living modern life to the full. The inhabitants are to my taste exactly—a more kindly and courteous people I do not think I have met—if I except the aggressive young gentleman with the massive brow who tried to lure me into an argument on the thorny subject of: *Ist der Tod ein Ende oder nicht?* I begged him to believe that I had no opinion either way, and ordered two more "Seidels." They drink a lot of beer in Nuremberg; but it is an extremely mild and innocuous form of that popular beverage. As the young man with the massive brow said: If you must drink poison it is as well to have it diluted as much as possible!

JINGLE

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

THE TRUTH ABOUT "ANGLOPHOBIA"

England Not Unpopular

Germans, when they are in a rage, are distinctly superior to Britons in the same exuberant state. They know how to keep their politics independent of their daily life. When England is angry with any foreign country, every Englishman hates that country, and if, say, in any music-hall, the enemy's flag appears on the stage, he would salute the flag with boos, if not boots. Here things are better. Germans are furious with England; their newspapers for a fortnight have thundered at her perfidy and malevolence; and the Pan-German League even got two thousand persons to hold a denunciatory meeting. But outside these manifestations you see no sign of Anglophobia at all; on the contrary, things "Englisch" are as popular as ever; and daily I pass in busy Friedrichstrasse's shop-windows my old friends, "Englisch Sportanzug," "Coronation Stehkragen," and "Cravat as Worn by King George V."

France's "Last Word"

The speaker thereof, M. Jules Cambon (right), on his way to the Wilhelmstrasse during the fateful negotiations of the past week

Cheers for the Union Jack!

Some days ago the Berlin Bystander attended the reopening of the Sport-Palace in Potsdamer Strasse, an enterprise which went bankrupt last spring, and has since been reconstructed. It is a colossal, oval hall, with the world's biggest artificial ice-rink, which is usually crowded with twenty skaters, while from three smoke-shrouded galleries two thousand beer-drinking spectators look indolently on. On opening night there was a spectacle by skaters in fancy dress. Arriving in the midst of a tremendous roar of applause, the Berlin Bystander rushed to his seat and looked down from the gallery. He saw thirty lady skaters, dressed as London policemen, with exuberant hips (and adjacent parts), who swooped curvingly down the ice, each carrying a Union Jack. The spectators became hoarse with enthusiasm. Thereafter followed French *gendarmes*, Russians with "*nagaikas*," Italians, and then Germans, all with their national flags, but not even the Germans were louder cheered than the Britons. Later there was a military display, with Union Jacks in dozens. No British audience could have cheered them more. And no German threw out a single boo, much less a boot.

Profound Indifference to Morocco

The Berlin Bystander holds that this proves German superiority, but it proves one thing more: that the mass of Germans take no interest in foreign affairs at all, and are willingly led by the nose

THE KAISER DRIVES OUT WITH THE NEW AMBASSADOR FROM TURKEY

by professional diplomats, retired warriors, and the self-certificated specialists of the Pan-German, Navy, and other semi-official patriotic leagues. They are not only ignorant of the niceties—and nastinesses—of the present quarrel, but they have not even heard of it. Hence there are no boos or hisses. Dressed in an "Englisch Sportanzug," with a cravat as worn by King George V., the German drinks his beer and watches complacently the provocative Union Jack, being less concerned with Morocco than with rounded hips. And he does not care twopence for the imputed indiscretion of the British diplomat whom his better-informed newspapers denominate variously Sir Cartwright and Lord Fairfax Cartwright, Bart.

A Legend Dissipated

And this consideration leads to another. Of all the crazy nonsense about foreigners dosed to the British public since the Boer War by scholarly journalists who have never been east of Margate, the most wondrous is the affirmation that the average German is a martial, patriotic individual, who is always panting to die for his Fatherland, and derides the inferior Briton's absorption in childish sports. The flat contrary is true; and, as a fact, German publicists who do know foreign countries (Professor Marx, Paul Rohrbach, and others) declare that it is the Briton who is the good patriot. Even the Frenchman is represented as readier to sacrifice his comfort for his country than the German. And this is nothing new, for, during three hundred years, the German lack of national instincts has been lamented by native historians and philosophers.

"Inferior, Feeble Dreamers"

Only during this past week General Litzmann publishes a complaint that Germans, unlike Frenchmen, are not educated in patriotism, and that they are inferior, feeble dreamers; and he quotes the following trenchant judgment of the recently dead poet and playwright, Ernst von Wildenbruch: "Despite all the external brilliancy, despite all that I hear, live, and experience of Germany's development in commerce and finance, yet I am not happy. Because far better than gold in the hand is steel in the soul; and the soul of the German is, to-day, without steel." Does not this read like a homily by Mr. St. Loe Strachey on the decay of British patriotism? It is true, however, of Germans and not of Britons. The Briton may not be a perfect patriot, but he has at least enough feeling to shy at cheering the enemy's flag.

THE PEOPLE FOR PEACE?

The great Socialist Demonstration in the Treptow Park, Berlin, at which hundreds of thousands of hands were held up . . . to protest against war made, as they think, in the interests of capital in general and Krupp's in particular

WAR! IS ENGLAND FIT TO WIN? IS SHE EVEN FIT TO LOSE? IF IT COME

[*We publish this article exactly as it reaches us. Without in any way sharing the pessimism of the writer, he expresses what is probably the view of a great many average Bystanders during the present foreign crisis.*]

MR. F. T. JANE, in his recent book on naval warfare, proved that all the great victories of history have been won not because of big battalions, but because of the victor's fitness to win.

Can any sane Englishman, whatever he may believe as to the might of our navy and the gallantry of our army, say that he believes the British *nation* to be fit to win any war against anybody? Are we even fit to lose—with honour? Read the signs of the times, and ask yourself whether a nation faced with a struggle not only for Empire, but for national existence, ever presented a more hopeless front to the enemy than does Britain on the morning on which I write these lines (Tuesday, September 5).

What is the situation on which I look? It is this. France has presented her "last word" to Germany over the Morocco dispute; Germany has given it a brief reply. The German High Fleet, the largest ever mustered, is concentrated in the Baltic, practising "invasion tactics"; the French Fleet is at Toulon, ready, as M. Delcassé says, for war. The German and French armies are manœuvring on the respective frontiers, while Belgium, to guard her neutrality, is mobilising as for war. And England? England, who has pledged her support to France should she be attacked, who is herself the victim of daily insult in the Governmental German Press, who is directly involved in the Moroccan dispute itself, who guarantees Belgian neutrality—what is England doing? One *hopes* that our navy is ready to deal with the possible outbreak of sudden hostilities; one has a doubtful suspicion that our army *may* have received some sort of instructions to be prepared sometime for something or other. But what proof have we that our Government is ready to deal with any emergency at all?

The Ministry is, at this moment of grave crisis and danger, holiday-making. Some are motoring, others golfing, fishing, bathing abroad, or building sand-castles at South Coast watering-places. What evidence have we that, as a Government, these genial fugitives from the capital have any collective idea of how to deal with a sudden emergency should they be called on to deal with it? Already one of the Paris papers reveals to us that there was a difference of opinion in the Cabinet as to the whole policy to be pursued towards Germany from the beginning of the crisis. Some were in favour of sending a cruiser to Agadir from the very first, but those against it prevailed. No cruiser was sent, and the crisis developed to its present danger-point. Who is to say that, were a Cabinet scratched together over the news of some fresh German *coup*, they would agree as to any course of action? May we not show divided counsels up to the very field of battle itself, and suffer national extinction as a result?

But, then, this is a Radical Government, you will say. Can the leopard change its spots? If you will keep such people in office, England must pay the penalty. But, alas! when I look on the other side, when I remember the proceedings which preceded the Boer War, I have no reason to suppose that the Unionists (led by a gentleman who, from an Austrian spa, is now golfing at Berwick-on-Tweed) are any more competent to deal with an emergency than their rivals. When any of them open their mouths it is to mourn over the bones of the Veto Bill, now buried in the Statute Book, or over those of a Home Rule Bill not yet born.

It falls, then, on the real educators of public opinion to be our guide and stay in this moment of danger—I mean, of course, the Press. How are the newspapers leading our thoughts this Tuesday, September 5, this day that may—[or may not.—ED.]—go down to history as "*Der Tag*" of German ambition?

Open any one of them you like, Conservative, Liberal, or Radical, it is the same. Each of them has, to the page, seven columns. At the top of each column is a different news item. Some give first place to the crisis, but the eye is equally caught by the meetings of the Trades Union Congress, of the British Association, of the result of the wrestling match between Gotch and "Hack." The editorial mind is quite as excited as to the genuineness of telepathy, the merits of the sea-water cure for babies, who will be Chief Rabbi, the noises of London, an American murder mystery, a New Juliet at the New Theatre, as it is about the chances of peace and war, and one must assume that the British public also is similarly interested. It cares as much about anything it is offered to read as it does about the existence of itself as a nation. For, whatever the end of this *coup d'Agadir*, whether peace or war, who can be blind to the reality which lay behind it—the growing might of Germany, her determination to wrest from us the sceptre of the seas, to replace the Union Jack with the Black Eagle, and to reduce the island power for ever to impotence?

Knowing that sooner or later England will have to face this foe, is it worthy of the Press of the capital so to represent matters that their readers are invited to be equally interested in the result of a wrestling match or anything else that happens to come over the wires? Surely, to every properly conducted newspaper, the interests of the State should take first place, in order that, when danger threatens, the citizen may be found ready.

What has the popular London Press done to inform its readers of the real situation save, occasionally, to publish scare telegrams? One day, the foreign crisis may chance to strike them as a "better story" than the rest, and it will be made to look grave. But to-morrow, no scare telegram having come in, it is wiped off the slate as though non-existent, and something else (say paper-bag cookery) given first place.

If the London Press is really reflective of the mind of the British people at the moment of international crisis, when fleets and armies are in full war array and guns may go off at any moment, then I say, Sir, that this people is not fit to win a war or to lose a war, it is not fit for Empire, and I do not know that it is even fit to exist as one of the Powers of the world.

SOLDIERS TWO

THE GERMAN IS BY INHERITED INSTINCT A SOLDIER WHETHER AFLOAT OR ASHORE

"No one can watch the crew of a German man-of-war, either at drill, afloat, or ashore, without realising that he remains a soldier, even though he wears the uniform of a bluejacket."—"Daily Telegraph" Naval Correspondent, September 4

(Our photographs place a typical German Tommy beside a typical German Jack, and enable readers to make such comparison as may seem good unto them. Will the military discipline of the German sailor, when he goes out to war, make him a match for the British, who was born with the brine in his nostrils, and knows more of the jig than the goose-step?)

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

ONCE again the Chinese people are opposing their Government's policy of extending the railways. We may laugh at the Chinese for their conservative notions, but they are undoubtedly right in supposing that if they have no railways, they will have no railway strikes.

* * *

One cannot imagine the Chinese caring about railway strikes. Always a thrifty people, they would hate the idea of having to tip an engine-driver every few months or so simply for remaining loyal.

* * *

"Agadir. March on, William! You have your people behind you," said a voice in the crowd the other day as the Kaiser drove through the streets of Berlin. Curiously enough, the Kaiser does not seem to have been influenced to any great extent by this pithy speaker.

If, however, our newspapers were as enterprising as those of Germany, they would by this time have proved that the voice in question was the voice of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, and that this attempt by a well-known diplomatist to stir up war in a public place was only one more example of Germany's traditional brutal policy.

* * *

They would have gone on to show that it was all bluff, that the Germans have never really won a battle at all (Sedan being a myth), and that they are, take them all round, a fat, inept, and highly overestimated people. How lucky that our newspapers are not so enterprising as those of Germany.

* * *

A gentleman named Pye has succeeded in breeding a pure white canary, says the *Standard*. Those who like to keep these little songsters, but find their usual yellow tint trying to the eyes, should be grateful to Mr. Pye for his success in raising this lighter-coloured bird.

* * *

The *Standard* also informs us that a white sparrow with pink eyes has been caught near Ham, and that others are thought to be in the neighbourhood. The *Standard* draws no conclusions from this, but I have no doubt it is all the result of our preposterous system of Free Trade.

* * *

"Akustakattagmint" is, according to Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, the name of the new people whom he has found in the neighbourhood of the Pole. "They are," he says, "a kindly, courteous, and hospitable people," and I suppose that if the founder of their race did suffer from stuttering, it is not their fault.

* * *

One would fancy that it is among people like the Akustakattagmint, rather than among ourselves, that the spelling reformers who have lately been holding a conference would find their great opportunity. Indeed, in these days of dirigible gas-bags, there seems no reason at all why they should not at once start for the Great Nail.

* * *

Another example of how a Democracy fails to appreciate its bravest leaders was shown last week, when a General, who courageously threw some gravy at his housemaid, was fined 20*s*. (including costs).

Fussy Old Gentleman: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"
Boy: "Nah, *I* don't read 'em!"

By Bert Thomas

IN HONOUR OF ITS FIRST SKY-SCRAPER!

Photograph] A REMARKABLE BANQUET HELD IN THE STREET OF A TEXAN TOWNSHIP [*H. J. Shepstone*

In Daco (Texas) an extraordinary banquet was recently held at night in South Fifth Street to celebrate the erection of the tallest building in America outside New York and Chicago, the recent extensions of the Iron Road making Daco an important rail-head. Over a thousand guests sat to the feast, and speeches were given after the banquet extolling the splendour of the citizens, and lauding their enterprise and business acumen

The New Juliet at the New

MISS NEILSON-TERRY REACHES THE GOAL OF YOUTHFUL AMBITION

MISS NEILSON-TERRY (JULIET) AND MR. VERNON STEEL (ROMEO) IN THE BALCONY SCENE
"O, Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Photographs

MISS NEILSON-TERRY AND MR. VERNON STEEL

Lousham and Canfield

MR. FISHER WHITE AS THE FRIAR AND MR. VERNON STEEL AS ROMEO IN THE SCENE IN THE FRIAR'S CELL
"Hold thy desperate hand. . . . Thou hast amazed me. . . . Wilt thou slay thyself, and slay thy lady that in thee lives?"

An extraordinary amount of interest has been displayed in the production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the New Theatre, chiefly on account of the advent of a new Juliet in the person of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry. The sincerity and freshness of feeling with which she plays the part, combined with her personal charm and the fact that she is so near the age of Shakespeare's Juliet, makes Miss Neilson-Terry's performance a very real success

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW.

"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

AS Sir Herbert Tree remarks in his supplementary note to the programme, *Macbeth* is essentially a drama—and he might have added a melodrama. If Shakespeare had been living in our day he would probably have renamed it "The Bad Boy of the Family." The programme-note adds that the play tells its own message. It may be so, but it does not tell it in a very clear manner. Some people may see in it an awful example of what happens to you if you kill somebody in order to get his job; but Macbeth's case is quite exceptional. He seems to have carried on his amazing career of promiscuous slaughter, not because he had a natural predilection for that kind of amusement, but because he was only the instrument through which the wicked witches were acting. Left to himself Macbeth would probably have been one of the mildest mannered gentlemen that ever cut a throat; but he could not help doing what the witches made him do. Directly you introduce the supernatural element into a play you destroy the value of any moral it may have to convey. This view of Macbeth's case, however, opens up an extremely large and vigorous controversy which could not be adequately dealt with in less than fifteen quarto volumes, and which would involve at least one riot and several street-corner fights. And I am sure Sir Herbert Tree had no end of that kind in view when he expressed his modest view as to the "message" of *Macbeth*.

The present production of *Macbeth* will, no doubt, prove another "obstinate success," since Sir Herbert Tree has mounted it lavishly and has made a very eloquent appeal for popular support. To begin with, the three witches are positively seen to hover through the fog in mid-air, a touch of realism that, to my thinking, rather spoils the poetry of the drama. While they were hovering I found my mind wandering from the general effect of the weird scene, and wondering how the dickens the actors were being supported in the air. Somehow or another I cannot feel impressed by the words and gestures of a mocking witch when I know that the lady is hanging at the end of a wire that is hooked somewhere into the small of her back. Still, as a popular theatrical effect the flight of the witches will, no doubt, be generally approved, and, after all, what does it matter so long as we make other people happy?

Sir Herbert Tree's production ought to be popular because he has, to a very large extent, succeeded in his ambition to create for the spectator the "awe-inspiring" atmosphere of the play. There are moments, especially just after the murder of Duncan, when the excitement becomes very real and very dramatic; and the suspicions of Banquo and Macduff are quite cleverly suggested in spite of their apparent acceptance of Macbeth's story of the evening's work. This play lacks, of course, the dainty and intensely respectable immorality of *Henry VIII.*, and it suffers also from the disadvantage of offering no excuse for a Coronation scene. But, on the other hand, it presents that agreeable orgie of bloodshed which is always a safe card for the great mass of the intelligent British public. Sir Herbert Tree's own performance, too, is quite meritorious. I will not go so far as to say that it is subtle, or illuminating in the wider sense; but the actor does contrive to keep before us all the time the dismal picture of the man who lives by the sword and dies by the sword. The barbaric magnificence of the period is well suggested by Sir Herbert Tree not only in his own acting, but in the splendour of the setting. As he very properly pleads in his note, history is not

(Continued on page 548)

Macbeth for the Masses: Shakespeare

Sir Herbert Tree has scored another popular triumph with "Macbeth." Mr. Norman Morrow gives above his impressions of Macbeth at various stages of his career from his unobtrusive entry to his extremely sensational

Popularised at His Majesty's Theatre

exit. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is also seen in her daintily decorous interpretation of the rôle of Lady Macbeth, and Mr. Morrow has succeeded in catching Mr. Arthur Bourchier in that vigorous actor's most Macduffian mood

(Continued from page 545)

an important factor in this drama. It suffices for us that the events must have taken place in a semi-barbaric age, and costumes and effects that suggest the hardy Norseman, with a dash of up-to-date Scotch, are probably as nearly correct in their archæology as most of us require.

I suppose it is scarcely proper to select individual members of so distinguished a company, and yet I find it impossible to refrain from a word of comment on the really fine performance of Mr. J. H. Barnes as the unhappy Banquo. Mr. Barnes is, of course, a master of elocution, and he is always seen at his best in Shakespeare. Mr. Arthur Bourchier is a fine, robust Macduff, who, perhaps, shows to greater advantage in the fighting parts of the play than in the sentimental portions—though this is, no doubt, the fault of the very much over-rated author. With the increase of the rush and bustle of modern life, the difficulty of creating an "awe-inspiring atmosphere" must, I think, be greatly enhanced. I was reminded of this fact during the progress of the fatal operation on King Duncan. When Macbeth was at work on the first floor, Lady Macbeth stood quaking in the courtyard below, while the strained silence was broken here and there only by the "bats and owls." But once, as we were waiting in the stillness for Macbeth to reappear, there floated through the theatre the harsh whirr of a motor-signal from the street outside—one of those screeching things that sound like a lost soul in anguish. It speaks volumes for the hold the play had upon the audience that there was not even the suggestion of a titter at this distinctly unrehearsed effect.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh is a graceful Lady Macbeth, even if at times she does not quite convey the reckless ferocity of the great original. Her manner impressed me as being a little too gentle; but I confess to knowing very little of the sex, and it may well be, as someone has boldly said, that the quiet ones are the worst. The cat-like gentleness that Miss Vanbrugh assumes may be all part of her plan to strike a sharp contrast between the polished exterior and the rough heart within. One gets the idea, somehow, that Lady Macbeth must have been a kind of virago; whereas Miss Vanbrugh never for a moment loses her natural attractiveness. It seemed to me as I looked on at the performance that if I had to be done to death violently in a hurry I would just as soon suffer at the hands of Miss Vanbrugh's Lady Macbeth as anyone. However I might die, I should be satisfied that the business would be conducted with the nicest manners, and also with the strictest etiquette prevailing in the honourable and ancient code of murder. During the brief reign of King Macbeth, however, Miss Vanbrugh looks every inch a Queen, and I am sure she will add to her popularity with her new part.

In most of the other representations of *Macbeth* that I have seen, the ghost of Banquo has been simply Banquo himself with a spot of red paint on his head as evidence that someone has been unkind enough to hurt him. The "ghost" has usually strolled in and taken a vacant chair, and has been supposed to be invisible to all the company except Macbeth himself. Sir Herbert Tree improves upon this method by having the ghost of Banquo on the other side of a semi-transparent wall, to which the rest of the people have their backs. This is a distinctly good illusion, even if it is not, perhaps, severely Shakespearean in its effect. Still, in order to make the playgoing public swallow Shakespeare nowadays you have to gild the pill rather thickly; and I daresay Sir Herbert Tree is alive to the fact, since his gilding is quite thorough. His own acting is as elaborate as the scenic effects about him; to some it may even appear to be a little overdone. After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth is in a paroxysm of fear, which seems hardly consistent in view of the fact that as a lifelong hand-to-hand fighter he must have been familiar with death by violence in all its forms. One could understand the natural revulsion of feeling in an honest soldier on realising that he had been guilty of a cold-blooded murder, but I find it difficult to believe that even such a man would have been the shrieking prey of nameless fears. JINGLE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Bold Game

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

LADY CHRISTINA BOLSOVER sighed ostentatiously, but with a look of satisfaction in her eye, as she finished her letter and turned it over, with a firm hand, on the blotting-book.

"It's the only way," she murmured, with a comprehensive glance round at her three daughters, which scarcely took in her husband in his armchair by the window. "It's an old plan, but it never fails."

"What have you done, mamma?" asked the eldest of the daughters, rather querulously.

Vera Bolsover was a handsome girl of six-and-twenty, spoilt by an expression of chronic ill-temper.

"I've invited Miss Susan Dobbs, the barmaid your brother wants to marry, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs, of 'The Green Man,' Gurney's Ferry, Hertfordshire, to dinner on Friday."

There was a murmur of horror from the three girls, followed by a giggle from the youngest, and Mr. Bolsover, at the window, put down his paper.

"Mamma, it will be too awful!" said Vera.

"Of course it will. But it can't be helped. The thing has got to be stopped, and there's no other way. It will be a dreadful evening, and then—it will be all over."

Lady Christina licked up the envelope with the look of the noblest of the martyrs.

"But will it?" asked Etheline, a sharp-witted young woman of three-and-twenty, who was the second on the list of Lady Christina's marriageable daughters. "Supposing she should be artful, and not fall into the trap?"

Mr. Bolsover's paper rustled uneasily in his hand. His wife glanced at him quickly, and said at once:

"There's no trap, Etheline. How can you use such a word? I simply want the young woman to understand the kind of people she would have to live among, if she were so foolish as to keep Ettrick to his promise to marry her."

"But, mamma, you can't have such people here! He's an innkeeper, isn't he?"

"Much lower down in the social scale than that, I believe," returned her mother cheerfully. "'The Green Man,' I understand, is hardly above the level of what is called a beer-house."

Vera stood up angrily, and stared out at the trees of the park from the window of the great Queen's Gate house.

"I won't have it, mamma," she said. "Supposing Randolph should look in on Friday!"

Lady Christina shrugged her shoulders, looked steadily, and with meaning, into her daughter's eyes, but said nothing. But her glance reminded Vera of what she knew, that it was on account of Randolph that the threatened misalliance of Ettrick with the barmaid must at any cost be prevented.

For Randolph, Lord Blackwater, eldest son of the Earl of Brightlingsea, and reputed the handsomest man in London, was paying marked attention to Vera Bolsover, and was expected, every time he came to the house in Queen's Gate, to have something very interesting to say to her.

That the eldest son of the Bolsovers should marry the barmaid, just when the eldest daughter was about to become the wife of the future Earl of Brightlingsea, was unthinkable.

"Lord Blackwater will understand. If he doesn't, I shall tell him," said Lady Christina serenely, "as I shall tell everyone else. *That* will be all right."

Mr. Bolsover, who was a quiet man, little given to domestic interference, rose and came into the group.

"You can't have these people here to dinner," he said. "It wouldn't be fair. They wouldn't know how to dress or anything. You can invite them to luncheon down at Maidenhead instead. The same day will do."

Lady Christina's face fell a little. The atmosphere of the riverside house they had rented for the summer would be less freezing, less formidable than that of Queen's Gate, for one thing. And for another, there would be so many people there! Their friends had a general invitation for week-ends at Maidenhead, and availed themselves of it freely.

"It won't be the same thing!" she protested.

Mr. Bolsover laughed.

"I daresay not. But you must give the girl a chance. And, remember, these City barmaids are usually smart young women. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if she were to turn out to be quite a 'catch' for that fool Ettrick."

Lady Christina was mildly indignant at these aspersions on their son.

"Surely you can't wish for the marriage!" she said.

"Not particularly. But other families have had to put up with the same sort of thing."

"Well, some families can stand a match of this sort. But we couldn't."

Mr. Bolsover never argued with his wife, but he always got his own way. And the invitation which went to the parents of the barmaid was for luncheon at the riverside house at the following week-end.

Lady Christina was rather anxious about the answer she would receive, but it surpassed her wildest hopes. It was humble to the point of servility, ill-written, ill-spelt, and awkward to the last degree. Mr. Dobbs took the invitation as if it had been a Royal command, and answered as if he had no choice but to obey. He and Mrs. Dobbs "presented their humble respecks, and would be pleased to accept of the invite, and hoping her ladyship was well as it left them at present."

As the day fixed turned out to be a most lovely one, there was almost a procession of motor-cars from Town

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in the course of the morning, and Lord Blackwater arrived in time for luncheon.

Vera was furious, Lady Christina was worried, but it could not be helped. So he had to be told what was being done.

"Rather rough on the girl, isn't it?" he said, when he had laughed at the picture drawn by Lady Christina of their terrible guests.

"I'm afraid it will be rather dreadful for her, poor thing," assented Lady Christina with a hollow mockery of sympathy. "But, of course, I had no idea whatever, until I got the man's letter, what sort of people they were. Then it was too late!"

"Have you seen the girl herself?"

"No. But I shouldn't be at all surprised to find her quite presentable, and not in the least anxious to leave her own sphere of life for one in which she would be uncomfortable."

Lord Blackwater looked his admiration.

"How sensibly you take it!" said he.

Lady Christina shrugged her shoulders with a little laugh that successfully hid her real feelings.

"There's nothing else to be done, you know," said she.

"By Jove, what a pretty girl! Who is she?"

As Lord Blackwater uttered these words, Lady Christina turned her eyes in the same direction as his with a sinking heart. For she guessed the truth. She might have known, of course, that Ettrick, her son, fool though he undoubtedly was, would not have wished to marry a barmaid who was not pretty. And yet she was scarcely prepared to find his choice so abundantly justified as far as appearance went.

Coming up the garden all by herself, dressed with the most perfect taste in a plainly made pale grey frock, with long, light gloves and a big black hat, Miss Susan Dobbs was easily identified by the fact that she was the only stranger, that she looked round her shyly as she came up the drive, and finally by the fact that Ettrick, on catching sight of her, went to meet her with rapid strides.

A few moments later, leading her across the lawn, he introduced her to his mother and eldest sister.

Lady Christina, conscious that the tall, well-dressed, beautiful girl before her was making an entirely wrong impression, was properly effusive and genuinely distressed to find that Miss Dobbs had come alone.

"I'm very greatly disappointed," she said. "Mr. Dobbs promised that he would come, and bring Mrs. Dobbs with him, too."

The girl laughed, and gave Lady Christina the additional chagrin of discovering that her teeth were as white and even as those of a professional beauty.

"You didn't really expect them, did you?" said the girl. "How could those two poor old dears come here, among all you smart people? They wouldn't have known what to do, or what to say, or anything!"

"Oh, don't say that. We should have been delighted to see them," cooed Lady Christina.

And this was quite true.

"And he accepted, you know," she added.

"Oh, yes. He was too frightened to refuse," said Miss Dobbs. "But I told him I'd make his excuses, and that you wouldn't mind. You see, they would both have been very uncomfortable, feeling all the while as if they were doing and saying the wrong things. Of course, they're not used to lunching with people of your position any more than I am."

Lady Christina was sugary and gracious.

"What does that matter? We wanted so much to know them."

Susan Dobbs looked her smiling hostess steadfastly in the face.

"Did you?" she said. "Well, then, you must come and see them at home, where they will be delighted to receive you, and where they will be at their ease. We often have quite a large party from Town down at 'The Green Man' on Sundays."

"I should be delighted," murmured Lady Christina, who was getting bored, and who was already looking over Miss Dobbs's shoulder to see who was coming next.

For this young woman to keep her father and mother away and to make apologies for them was clever and right, from her point of view. But for her to go on talking about them as if they could possibly be interesting to anybody in Lady Christina's position was a nuisance.

Lady Christina flattered herself that she kept her private feelings quite out of her tone as she answered, but the quick glance with which Miss Dobbs met hers made her flinch and redden. In it the elder woman saw that the younger could read her like a book with her shrewd eyes, and that Miss Dobbs had not considered that beauty gave her the right to be stupid.

A moment later Ettrick, with a vague sense that the meeting between the girl he loved and his mother had not gone off so well as he could have wished, had intervened and taken Susan away.

"Well, how do you like the mater? She was quite nice to you, wasn't she?" demanded the young man as he led Miss Dobbs across the lawn towards the house.

The girl laughed a little.

"Oh, quite nice, if you call it nice to look at a girl as if you'd like to poison her, while you're telling her how glad you are to see her!"

"Come, Sue, you're prejudiced."

"I daresay. So would you be, if you'd had to go through what I went through as I came, all by myself, up the drive."

"I'd have met you at the station, only you wouldn't let me."

"I didn't want to be met. I wanted to know the worst," replied Miss Dobbs, pursing up her pretty little mouth into an expressive grimace.

"What worst?"

"What your people were like, of course. *Now I know.*"

"What on earth do you mean? If you mean that the mater's manner is rather artificial, of course that's true of all Society women, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know! But it's not the artificial part of her I mind; *it's the part that's real,*" retorted Miss Dobbs. "I don't mind her sham cordiality a bit. In fact, I could have done with a bit more of it. But I saw her look round at her friends while she was talking to me, and then I knew as well as possible what I'd been brought here for. She's told everybody all about me and my father and mother, and she meant to show us all up together, that's what she meant. And because I knew better than to stand that she's mad. There!"

It was disconcerting to find his lady-love so far

(Continued on page 552)

Melody—in Two Parts

Remarkable scene outside the new Opera House in Kingsway. The statue of Melody being hoisted in sections into Mr. Hammerstein's new theatre, the opening of which is to be the feature of the autumn musical season

(Continued from page 550)

from being a fool. Ettrick stood up for his people rather lamely, feeling the justice of these strictures.

"You see, they had to know you before they could appreciate you," he suggested.

"And they're as far from that as ever," retorted Miss Dobbs with a chuckle.

"You imagine things."

"No I don't. I'm too much on my mettle not to see plain. They're all on the watch to see me make mistakes, and they're listening to my Cockney accent."

"You haven't got a Cockney accent, at least, not much," said Ettrick.

"It's enough to be wrong, I know," said the girl with a little shrewd smile. "But I shall have to be sat upon by a few more people like Lady Christina before I get over it, I suppose. As for my other mistakes——"

"You won't make any," replied her lover quickly.

"Well, they'll be mistakes made on purpose if I'm rubbed up the wrong way very badly," remarked Miss Dobbs, with a sudden dangerous light in her eyes.

"Oh, rot. Everything will be all right, and we're goin' to have a rippin' time," said Ettrick, as the bell rang for luncheon and the groups on the lawn broke up and made their way towards the house.

And in a sense he was right in his forecast. For the appearance of the pretty barmaid was so prepossessing, and her natural intelligence was so great, that she not only established herself at the luncheon-table as the centre of attraction, but held her own so well in conversation that Lady Christina regretted having said anything about her origin to her friends, as it was plain that Miss Dobbs would have passed muster very well.

Nobody, in fact, among the men, at least, was paying much heed to anybody but the simple Susan.

After luncheon, in the grounds, things were even worse. Nobody wanted to go on the river unless Miss Dobbs were to be one of the boating-party, and nobody wanted to play tennis because Miss Dobbs didn't know how. Lady Christina grew less and less cordial to the girl, and took care to lead the general conversation to such subjects as Miss Dobbs could not be supposed to take an interest in.

These subjects, unfortunately, were rather hard to find. She knew all about billiards. "Has brothers who are billiard-markers, probably!" as Vera suggested, under her breath, to her mother. She understood horses. "Brought up in the inn stable, of course!" commented Lady Christina aside to her daughter. And although literature found a weak spot in the barmaid's equipment, it was so evidently also the weak spot of all the male guests that the hostess had to drop it for one more universally attractive.

By the time refreshments were brought out, and tea was served under the big Japanese umbrella on the lawn, Ettrick was jubilant, and Lady Christina was in despair, since the result of this unlucky afternoon would certainly be to rivet her son's chains more firmly than ever.

All the other men, in fact, were more or less in love with the lovely barmaid before the day was over, with the happy exception of Lord Blackwater, who held aloof from the general scrimmage which was always going on for the favour of a word from her, and who had the grace to look genuinely annoyed by it.

Unfortunately, while his displeasure was a relief in one way, it was a danger in another. Lady Christina felt, with a sinking of the heart, that he would never tolerate the entrance of a barmaid into the family from which his own wife was to be chosen. Unless Ettrick could be induced to give up Miss Dobbs, Vera would never become Lady Blackwater.

So, perhaps unconsciously, the tone of the hostess grew harder, and the little sly feminine "digs" in her conversation more poignant, until there shone in the blue eyes of Miss Dobbs a wicked light which meant mischief.

Somebody wanted some soda-water, and somebody else bungled the opening of the bottle. Miss Dobbs, with a light laugh and a wicked look at Lady Christina, offered to show them how to do it, and observing that she would be "as much in her element as even Lady Christina could wish," placed herself behind the table, and showed off her skill as a lightning waitress.

"Doesn't the old lady look murderous?" murmured the girl as, surrounded by a throng of admiring men, she bent over an obstinate cork.

And Lady Christina did.

Vera turned, biting her lips, and with tears in her eyes, to Lord Blackwater, who had been growing shorter and shorter in his answers as the eccentricities of Miss Dobbs developed themselves.

"It makes us poor girls who haven't been brought up to open soda-water bottles feel rather out of it, doesn't it?" she said, in a voice tremulous with vexation.

Lord Blackwater laughed rather awkwardly.

"How long has your brother known this young lady?" he asked drily.

"Oh, I don't know. It has been sprung upon us. It will be awkward, won't it, to have a sister-in-law who insists on changing places with the servants?"

"But is it really settled?" asked Lord Blackwater abruptly.

Vera shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course, I hope it isn't; but I don't know what to think," she said dolefully.

"Well, well, we must hope for the best."

There was just one word in this speech which put a little heart into Vera. "We" surely meant that he felt himself to be affected by the imminent danger.

However that might be, Lord Blackwater was, unhappily, sufficiently disgusted to go away before any of the other guests, and when he had gone Vera sought her brother and reproached him vigorously for the humiliation he had brought upon them all.

"What humiliation?" asked Ettrick, astonished.

"Don't you know that Randolph has gone away in disgust at the exhibition that girl has been making of herself?"

"Has he?" retorted Ettrick coolly. "Then all I can say is, I didn't think Blackwater was such a snob!"

And he left his sister to endure her vexation alone, while he returned to the side of pretty Susan, to enjoy his share of the popularity she had so swiftly acquired.

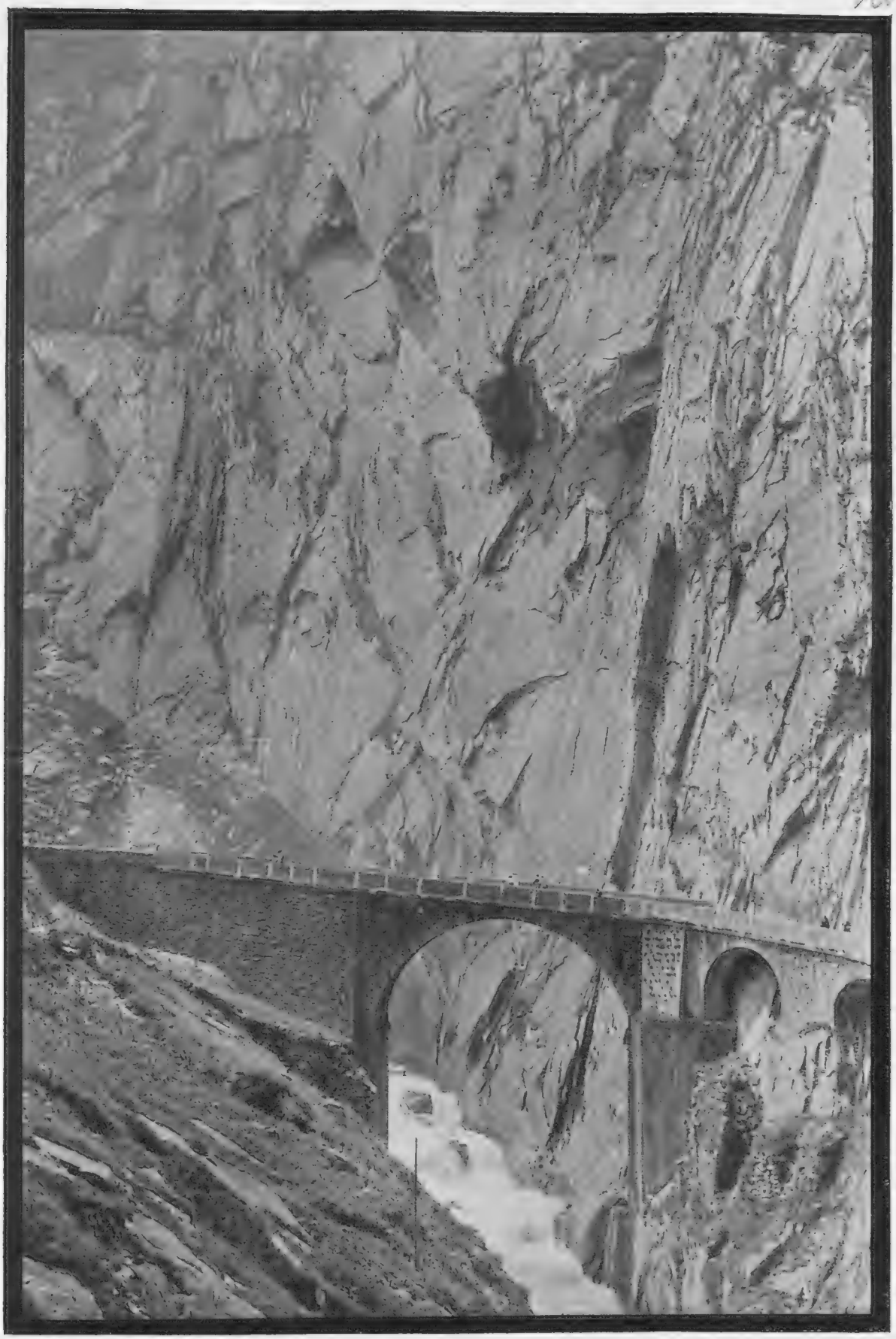
Miss Dobbs, however, bestowed very little of her attention upon him; whatever Lady Christina might choose to think, the girl showed herself by no means eager to snatch at the honour of Ettrick's preference, and he had to accept with gratitude such small crumbs of her attention as she could spare from her crowd of admirers.

When the moment arrived for Miss Dobbs herself

(Continued on page 554)

Unconscious Espionage

A SWISS STRONGHOLD WHERE THE CAMERA IS TABOO



DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ON THE ALPS, GUARDED BY BOTH GUNS AND NATURE

Terrible in its grandeur is the ravine spanned by the Teufelsbruecke, near Andermatt, and suggestive of the wildest convulsions of nature. Peering from a ledge at the left of the picture is a fort where are posted Swiss Alpine regiments and a battery of modern guns. The sentries along the Pass have instructions to prevent sketches and photographs being taken. Unaware of these stringent regulations, the above picture was taken by a tourist in the early morning. Some miles from the scene he learned that his exploit might have been penalised by imprisonment under Swiss military law

(Continued from page 552)

to take leave of her now icy hostess, there was felt to be a certain electricity in the air. The time had come for a bold effort to break her son's chains to this undesirable siren, and Lady Christina braced herself for the occasion.

"I should have thought, Miss Dobbs," said she, with biting sarcasm in look and tone, "that a young lady of such universal attractiveness as you would hardly have condescended to marry such a socially unimportant person as my son."

Miss Dobbs smiled sweetly.

"Oh, I have no intention of marrying your son, Lady Christina," she said merrily.

Ettrick stared.

"What—what! You don't mean to—to jilt me!" cried he, in consternation.

Miss Dobbs turned to him. She spoke gently, and the tears were in her eyes.

"You dear, silly boy," she said, "you know I never promised anything more than to see about it when you asked if I'd marry you. Well, I have seen about it, and I've made up my mind."

"But—but, I—I love you, Sue."

"You think you do, but you'll soon get over it. I told you I never felt for you what you felt for me." She turned again more gravely to her hostess. "Lady Christina, I know what I was brought here for, and I hope you're satisfied with the result. You can tell your friends that the danger is over. It's all off, and your son is *not* going to marry the barmaid." She turned once more to her discomfited lover. "Cheer up, old boy," she said kindly. And, as she withdrew and walked away with him towards the car that was waiting at the door to take her to the station, she was heard to add: "You know, Etty, I like you, I like you very much. But not enough to go through all I should have to go—with your people—if I were to marry you. So it's good-bye, old boy."

"I—I may come and see you off at the station?" stammered poor Ettrick, who had grown very white.

"Yes, I suppose you must, if you want to. But—I've made up my mind."

They went out together, and the ladies of Ettrick's family exchanged glances of relief mingled with a chastened fear.

"Of course, she doesn't mean it. It's too good to be true," said Vera.

"I'm afraid so," assented Lady Christina.

The voice of her husband broke in upon their conversation.

"Why shouldn't it be true?" said he drily. "She's a pretty girl, a very pretty girl. Such good looks as she's got, give a sort of prestige to a girl that is as good as money, or family, or any other advantage. I'm ready to bet that she won't have Ettrick, and upon my word I think she's right. She's too good for him."

There was a chorus of murmurs, but the hope thus suggested by Mr. Bolsover tempered the severity of his comments to the ears of both mother and daughters.

And he was right.

When Ettrick came back home he went straight up to his room, and from his hangdog demeanour the family guessed the truth, that Miss Dobbs had definitely broken off what had, it turned out, only been a provisional engagement.

"It's all your fault and the mater's," he told Vera fiercely on the following morning. "You all looked so confoundedly ill-tempered that she made up her mind she couldn't stand you at any price."

Vera concealed her joy at this termination of the unfortunate affair, and Lady Christina lost no time in finding an excuse to write to Lord Blackwater with the good news. She told it most discreetly, of course, writing a long, rambling epistle about some theatre she wanted to go to, and inviting him to dine with them and to make up a party afterwards, before she came to the purpose of her letter. She put it in a postscript, of course.

"By-the-by, you will, I know, be glad to hear that dear Ettrick is cured of his infatuation for the lady who has such a distinguished talent *for opening soda-water bottles*."

Lord Blackwater was equally discreet in his reply. He was very sorry that he could not accept Lady Christina's kind invitation, as he was going out of town for a few days' yachting. But he expressed himself "much pleased that her anxieties were at an end."

There followed a period of acute suspense, Lady Christina not yet feeling sure that Ettrick had definitely broken it off with the pretty barmaid, and Vera suffering from considerable anxiety to see Lord Blackwater back at her side again.

Both she and her mother could not help thinking that Randolph wished to make sure that the engagement with the barmaid was not likely to be renewed, before he declared his own feelings.

It was, therefore, with great distress that mother and daughter learned, one day, from Ettrick, his determination to make another attempt to get Susan Dobbs to change her mind. In spite of his mother's protests, he started for "The Green Man" one Sunday, that being the day which Miss Dobbs always spent with her family, and it was with the deepest anxiety that they awaited his return.

He came back late, rather excited, whistling to himself. The expression of his face was strange, and as he stood before them, with his hands in his pockets, looking from one to the other with a very peculiar smile, they began to fear the worst.

"Well, Ettrick, you're—you're not going to marry her after all, are you?" gasped out Vera at last.

Ettrick shook his head.

"No," he said shortly. "She's going to be married to someone else next month."

An exclamation of delight and relief burst from the lips of both mother and daughter.

Each heaved a deep sigh, but Ettrick went on whistling.

At last Lady Christina asked:

"And who's she going to marry? Someone in her own rank of life?"

Ettrick shook his head again.

"No," he said quietly. "She's going to marry—Blackwater."

For a moment neither of the ladies could believe it. Then certain flashes of memory came back to them, and they understood the signs as they had not understood them before.

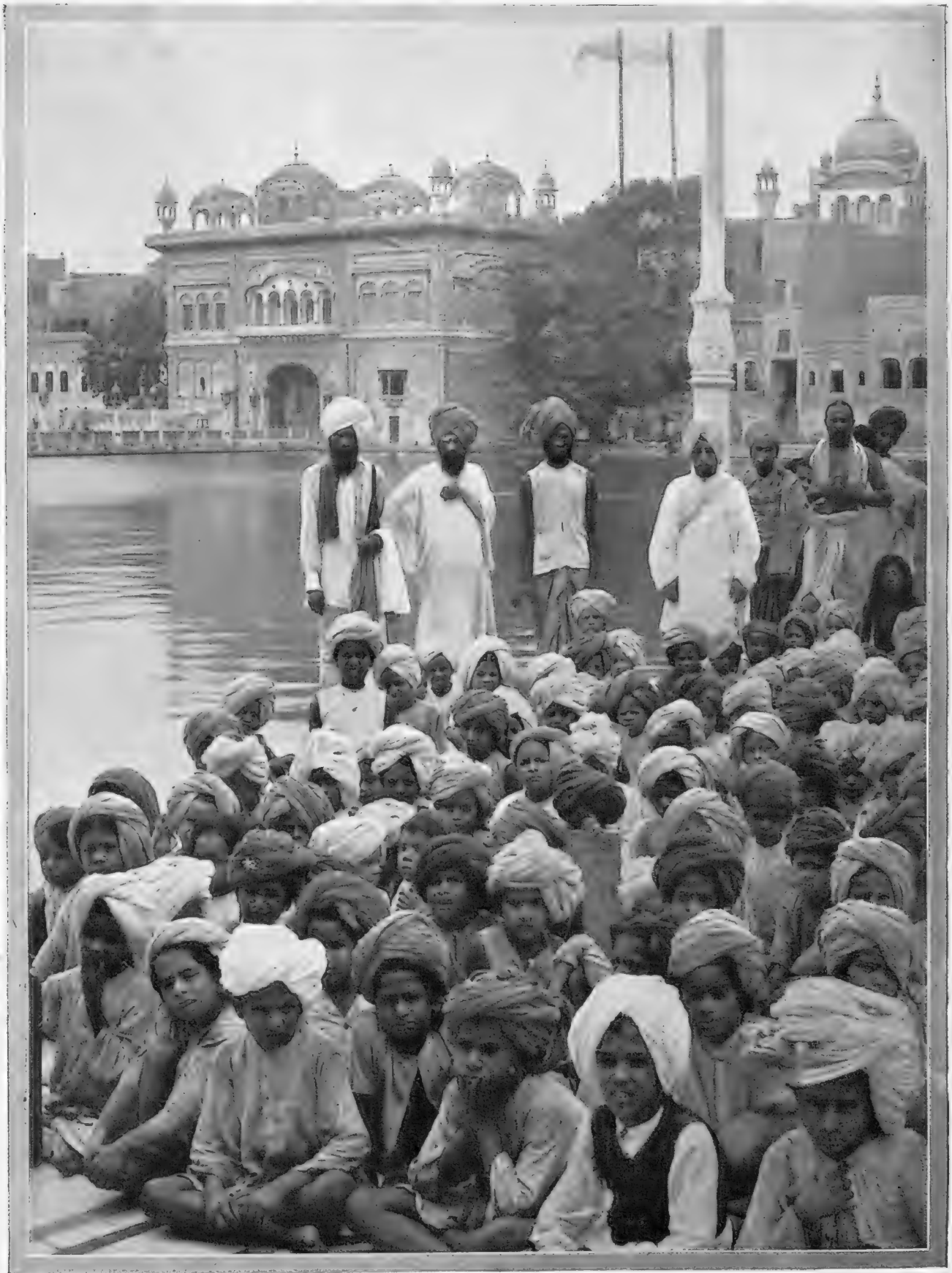
But they said nothing to Ettrick, and nothing to each other.

Their feelings were too deep for words.

FLORENCE WARDEN

Scions of the Proud Sikhs

YOUNG PATRIOTS OF AMRITZAR, WHO WILL HELP TO WELCOME THE KING-EMPEROR IN THE EVENT OF A DURBAR

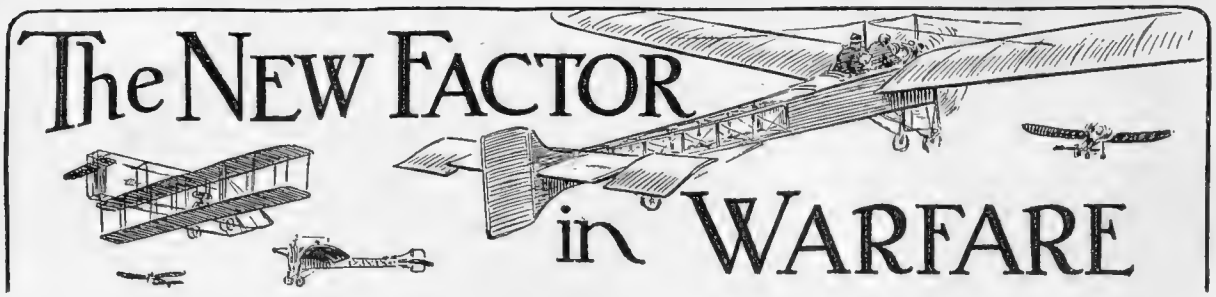


Photograph *Underwood*

INDIA OF TO-MORROW: SCHOOLBOYS OF AMRITZAR AT THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

Once the bitterest enemies of British rule in India, the Sikhs during the stormy days of the Mutiny proved our warmest friends, shedding their blood as freely as the Britons who held India for the Empire. Amritzar, the Metropolis of the Sikhs, owes its name to the sacred "Pool of Immortality" around which the young Indians are sitting

The New Factor in Warfare



The unknown factor in warfare is the aeroplane. What is likely to be its effect on operations, should they be undertaken between two such equally matched powers as France and Germany? In the article below, Mr. R. P. Hearne, the author of the standard work on "Aerial Warfare," offers some interesting speculations

Mistress of the Air

WHATEVER control other Powers may have over other elements, France is mistress of the air. Frenchmen have flown over the Channel, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, they have travelled by the air from Paris to Madrid, Paris to Rome, and Paris to Edinburgh faster than any other vehicles. Speeds up to one hundred miles an hour have been frequently attained. Last week a French monoplane rose 13,000 ft. into the air—that is, to a height of over two and a quarter miles; the week previously a Frenchman, who had only gained his pilot's certificate eight days before that, flew 703 miles in 13½ hours at an average speed of fifty-four miles an hour. In half a day from leaving Paris he could be over Berlin, or Vienna, or Rome. Scores of other men could do likewise. In a few years they can be reckoned by the thousand.

Side by side with all these performances France has first of all enlisted the services of her hundreds of aviators as volunteers in case of war, and she has also built up an aviation corps in which military and naval officers have become skilled aviators, and can combine this power with their service training. The army of every great nation is following suit, all still looking to France for inspiration, and depending on French aeroplanes and engines for their success.

TO DEAL WITH THE AERIAL ENEMY

One of the German high angle guns, in use against hostile air-craft. They can be pointed at any angle, or perpendicular, and trials have proved them to be so efficient as to make the task of the airmen one of extreme risk

A year ago there was diffidence in every military council outside France on the subject, and now the sceptics are trying to make up for lost time. Germany has only a handful of skilled aviators, and her aeroplanes or engines are not to be compared with the French. In England we are more advanced, for we can build machines satisfactory enough to be taken up by our own and by the Russian military authorities; pupils are beginning to come from many parts of the world to our aviation schools, and at present there is among them a Chinese Government student, a British General, Brigadier-General Henderson has gained his pilot's certificate, our military and naval men are in training by the dozen, and the world's record for flight with a passenger is held by a young Irishman, Lieut. E. L. Gerrard, of the Royal Marines, who remained in the air for 4hr. 13min. on a British-made machine.

The New Power in Battle

In all this effort, attended as it has been with a great sacrifice of human lives, there has been determined purpose, and every step forward has impressed the importance of this purpose on the military experts, who at first scoffed at the flying-machine as a factor in warfare. The utility is now so obvious that it can no longer be denied.

It was by the early realisation of this utility that France found increased confidence in the army she has formed. To-day France could mass a veritable fleet of aeroplanes, and she alone has the power and the knowledge to use them to full advantage in warfare. She has found a unique ally, a new power, and only the test of battle can show to what astounding degrees this power may be carried by the genius and daring of her sons in the time of trial.

There is no doubt about the aeroplane having a certain minimum value in warfare. The mystery about it is that its real value is an unknown quality, and to the military expert these undetermined factors are very disquieting when he works out the problem of defeating another nation. He can only give the aeroplane the schoolboy's value of the algebraic. Improvements are going on with phenomenal rapidity, and so altogether it may not be wise to risk a trial to the death against these new instruments until they are balanced against each other. France now holds absolute superiority in everything connected with military aviation, and she alone has exact knowledge on the subject. With her airships she balances the German airship fleet.

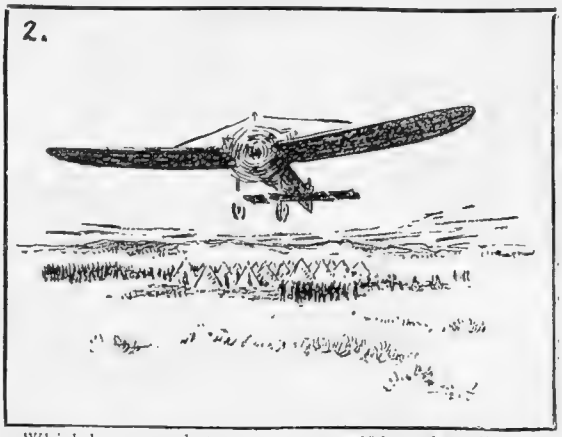
A Revolution in Scouting

We can turn now to consider the most obvious advantages of the aeroplane in warfare. Every fighting-man knows the value of a hill. From an elevated position you have a commanding view of the enemy. The higher you go the farther you can see.

"Great Victory—Thanks to the Airman"

AN INSTRUCTIVE CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY BOOK OF TO-MORROW

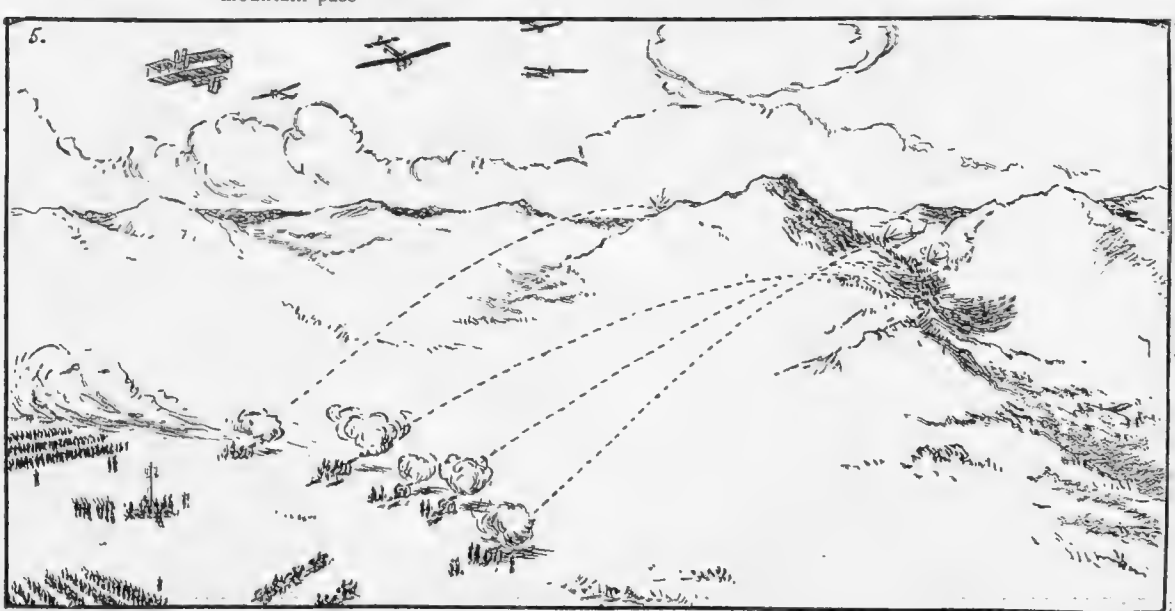
Air-Lieut. A. . . . receives orders to reconnoitre for the whereabouts of the enemy



Which he proceeds to execute as swiftly and as silently as possible

What is this he sees below him? The enemy? Yes, the enemy, marching secretly through a lonely mountain pass

Quick as thought, he returns to deliver the fateful news to his commanding officer



Whereupon, directed by the aerial scouts, long-range artillery fire over the mountains is opened at the unsuspecting enemy, who are promptly annihilated. Result, great victory, for which the airman receives all proper glory

DRAWN BY CHARLES SYKES

At a height of 50ft. objects nine miles off may be sighted. At 1,000ft. the range of visibility is thirty-three miles; at 5,280ft. it is ninety-six miles. A German inventor some years ago brought out an artificial "hill" for military purposes. It is in reality a telescopic steel mast, which can be drawn out to a height of about 30ft. For scouts it was supposed to be invaluable, as by climbing this they could see for five or six miles.

The French, however, pinned their faith to the aeroplane, which could give a range of over a hundred miles, and could move from point to point over hill or dale at a speed of a mile a minute whilst the steel mast was being painfully dragged along at a few miles an hour. So the aeroplane has become a moving hill to an army. It can be raised to any height up to two miles, it can be moved to any region at express speed. It may carry wireless telegraphic outfit. It can have the new Lebeau camera (the invention of a French officer), which is claimed to take detail photographs of the earth when the aeroplane is 4,000ft. high and moving at a mile a minute. There can be on board the aerial vessel a skilled military observer, and he, with eye, camera, sketch-book, and map, can record and report everything that goes on below him.

Secret Movements Superseded

In the war of 1870 the French were in complete doubt as to the parts of the frontier the Germans would cross; they were further deceived and mystified by "screens" of troops. But nowadays the French human eagles can soar and circle by the frontier, and command a view for close on a hundred miles into German territory. The day of the surprise movement and stealthy tactics is over. No screen of cavalry can hide from the air-pilots the slow movements of the enemy as it enters upon some secret advance.

If the first qualification for the scout is to see and report, it is next desirable that he should not be detected or captured. The aeroplane has been criticised for its noise, but it is as easy to silence this as to conceal the sound of a motor-car. The silent aeroplane has already appeared, and when it is merely a speck in the sky its detection will be a matter of immense difficulty, and the strain on the watchers will be nerve-racking. Special guns have also been devised for use against aeroplanes, but firing projectiles almost vertically is as difficult as it is dangerous for the army relying on these methods.

The aeroplane has, in fact, established its position as a scout. This has naturally led to its employment as a director of long range artillery fire, and last week epoch-making experiments were carried out by the French near Verdun. The fire was directed over a range of hills at points hidden from the gunners. In the ordinary way it would be blind shooting. But over the guns circled aeroplanes high enough to sight the objectives. They watched the effect of every shot, sent down maps and messages to the artillerists, and thus corrected the fire until it had a deadly accuracy.

Civilisation's New Ally

There still remains the untried power of the flying-machine to act as a bomb-shooting instrument, to make demonstrations over capitals, to attack arsenals, stores, dockyards, magazines, to destroy railway bridges, and lines of communication, and add more terrors to the ghastly ordeal of war. By this very development in deadliness and horror, and the ceaseless effort to balance forces, we are forcing warfare itself to a deadlock as a preliminary to its ultimate cessation. If the aeroplane can hasten this work it will render humanity a grand service, it will be a new ally of civilisation against brute force, and a new guardian of peace.

R. P. HEARNE

MILITARY AIR SCOUTS DISCOVERING CONCEALED ARTILLERY

SOME HUMOUR IN "SUMURÙN"

PLAYERS WHO HELP TO RELIEVE ITS INTENSITY OF PASSION AND COLOUR

TINSEL AND MOTLEY
Herr Matray, who fools cleverly, though a clown

THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE'S MASTER
A facial study of the Hunchback (Herr Richard), displaying an attempt to smile in his despair and grief

THE JANITOR OF THE BAZAAR
Herr Hotzel's chief glory is a walk which hovers between a leap and a jump

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY IN "SUMURÙN" AT THE COLISEUM
The Hunchback's wife (Miss von Bülow) is shadowing her husband, who is shadowing his beautiful slave-girl. Following her are the Janitor of the Bazaar and Ur al Vino servant. The scene provides the last smile of the play, for Nemesis is planning a swift and terrible end for the chief actors

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Irish Championship

This is the season of holiday championships at home and abroad. The strenuous tests of the Open and Amateur Championships are past and have gone into history, and the golfer is free to amuse himself by pursuing the title of champion wherever he may choose to take his holiday. If he wishes to combine the holiday and strenuous aspects of a championship in the most pleasant form imaginable he can do no better than try his luck in Ireland. There the Irish golfers, than whom there are no better or keener sportsmen anywhere, will give him a warm welcome, and probably a sound beating into the bargain. The welcome is a certainty, and the beating probably no less certain if Mr. Munn is anywhere in the neighbourhood. That great player, whose career I have watched during the last few years with immense interest and admiration, has just accomplished a feat which marks him out definitely as the finest amateur golfer that Ireland has yet produced. For the third year in succession he has won the Irish Open Amateur Championship. Last year this event was held at Portrush, and Mr. Munn, having started by winning the preliminary scoring competition with a fine 77, defeated Mr. Gordon Lockhart in the final of the Championship by 9 and 7.

Photograph *Dixon*

Mr. L. O. Munn, Amateur Golf Champion of Ireland

For the third year in succession Mr. L. O. Munn has won the Irish Open Amateur Championship. This feat has definitely marked him out as the finest amateur golfer Ireland has yet produced

L. O. Munn's Third Win

This year the Championship was played at Portmarnock, a course to the north of Dublin, and one that is highly praised by Mr. Hilton in his description of it in "Nisbet's Golf Year Book." I grieve to confess my ignorance of the great Irish courses, but I know that several of them, Portmarnock among them, are splendid and testing courses, fit arenas for championship contests. Mr. Munn once more started proceedings by annexing the preliminary scoring prize with a magnificent 74 on a very bad day, though he had the luck to start early, and so avoid the worst part of the gale which baffled most of the other competitors. The next best score, a 79, was returned by Mr. Clyde Pearce, who, with his brother, Mr. Bruce Pearce, has been sampling a great many Scottish meetings and doing doughty work at most of them. In the tournament proper Mr. Munn was in irresistible form, and met and disposed of, in turn, Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. W. Dod, Mr. Pickeman Mr. W. Paterson, and finally the Hon. Michael Scott. Of the two finalists Mr. Scott had undoubtedly the stronger half of the draw to contend with, and he seems to have shown that form in perfection which made such a favourable impression on the critics at Prestwick.

His Irresistible Form

But in meeting Mr. Munn he met a player who is his equal in all the *finesse* of the game and his superior in length and (what is even more important in prolonged and exhausting struggles) in physique. The first eighteen holes of the final produced a superb tussle between these two admirable players. Mr. Scott was out in 34 and only one up, and at the end of eighteen holes Mr. Munn had just got his nose in front. In the afternoon the physique told, and Mr. Munn went steadily ahead, and finally defeated his great antagonist by 7 and 6. I would have given a good deal to see the first half of this match, and more particularly the first nine holes, in which Mr. Scott's putting was phenomenal. For anyone with less iron nerves than Mr. Munn's such putting might well have turned the scale in a decisive manner. But as all those who have watched him know, Mr. Munn adds to his formidable powers as a player the blessed gift of an imperturbable and "never-knows-when-he's-beaten" temperament, and tight matches seem only to increase his manifest enjoyment of the game, as he showed so well in the crisis of that glorious encounter in the Coronation match, when with Mr. Beveridge as partner he defeated Rowland Jones and Moran on the thirty-eighth green. I congratulate Mr. Munn most warmly, and shall expect him in the near future to annex a still greater championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Ireland for the Irish—in Golf, Anyway

MR. L. O. MUNN TRIUMPHS OVER ALL COMERS AT PORTMARNOCK

Mr. Munn Playing out of a Bunker *en route* to the Sixth Green
(Inset) The Hon. Michael Scott (Runner-up)

The Open Golf Championship of Ireland at Portmarnock was won, appropriately enough, by an Irish golfer, in the face of opposition from all parts of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. Mr. Lionel Munn, the winner, is admittedly the best golfer that Ireland has ever produced—which is saying a good deal. This is his third consecutive win in the Irish Championship. His advance to the front rank has been made quite rapidly within the past three or four years, and as he is only twenty-four years of age, he should have a brilliant career before him. In the final he defeated the Hon. Michael Scott, a son of Lord Eldon, and a brother of the Hon. Osmund Scott, the Hon. Denys Scott, and Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, all golfers of renown. Mr. Michael Scott has four times won the Championship of Australia, where he has spent most of his life. Mr. Munn, after a very even morning round, finally beat him decisively by 7 up and 6 to play

The Semi-Final between Messrs. Munn and Kennedy: Mr. Kennedy Approaching the Fourth Green

Two Scotchmen, Mr. Kennedy (Turnberry) and Mr. Jenkins (Troon), survived the semi-final, but they were beaten respectively by Mr. Munn and Mr. Scott

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

England Through French Eyes

Some time ago there appeared in Paris a book called *L'Ile Inconnu*, by Pierre de Coulevain, which was widely read on both sides of the English Channel. Now it has been pleasantly translated by Alys Hallard, and issued in this country under the title of *The Unknown Isle* (Cassell: 6*s*. net). The unknown isle "is not, as might be supposed, in the Pacific or Arctic Ocean, but seven hours and a half from Paris, *viâ* Calais-Dover." In other words, the amiable Frenchwoman who writes under the name of Pierre de Coulevain is describing our own little island. Her book is by no means the first of its kind—you will probably recall half a dozen others—but it makes the most entertaining reading, and presents many commonplace matters in a somewhat new light. Many things which we take for granted caused the utmost surprise to our visitors. In some ways we are far in advance of her own nation, in others we lag unaccountably behind. *The Unknown Isle* is not a novel, and it is not a heavy book of the type of Boutmy's *English People*. It is just an exceptionally shrewd diary of a woman on a holiday in England determined to let nothing escape her notice, more particularly when she is enabled to draw a comparison between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon method of "doing things." Therein lies the chief value of her book; but she is also a novelist, and there is woven into her diary a pleasant enough story about such people as she met during her visit.

Our Neighbours and Ourselves

It is surely rather remarkable this ignorance in England about France, and in France about ourselves, but you cannot get away from the fact that most English people have made up their minds, in that curious British fashion of theirs, to regard Frenchmen as undersized and frivolous creatures and Frenchwomen as only a little better than they should be. And, similarly, it would appear as though our neighbours could not grasp the idea that it is possible for an Englishman to forget his ultra-respectability and his coldness and his worship of sport. "We are united by a cable," writes Pierre de Coulevain, "we are in communication with each other, but we are not yet in communion,"

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

A NOVELIST OF THE HOUR, WHO IS WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER"

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, whose new novel, "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" (Constable), was reviewed in these columns last week. Mr. Hueffer's book, issued earlier in the year, "Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections," is still widely discussed and quoted. His short stories (many of which have appeared in "The Bystander") are among the best and most artistic productions of the kind

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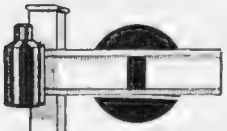

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and her book is avowedly written to bring this desirable communion about. There is so much that we can copy from France, and so much that France can copy from us. There are so many false conceptions to be corrected on both sides of the Channel. "Numbers of worthy old maids, of British matrons, and of grave and serious men conscientiously believe us to be utterly immoral. They speak of us with lowered voice, in an abashed way, just as they would speak of something improper." And our neighbours are equally to blame. "The majority of Frenchmen," writes Pierre de Coulevain, "believe that an Englishwoman has yellow or red hair, freckles, long teeth, and large feet. She is supposed to spend her time climbing mountains or reading her Bible." That this is not so we know well enough. It is in this spirit of conciliation that the book runs merrily along. We are shown some of our faults and some of our virtues, and even the tiny mistakes which are bound to creep into a book of this kind please rather than irritate. *The Unknown Isle* is a long book, but every page is worth reading. You feel every now and then that you would like to ask the authoress to spend a few days in your house in order to thrash out one or two points with her. If she came, I rather fancy that she would bring you round to her own way of thinking.

"A Painter of Souls"

Clever dialogue in excess is apt to spoil a novel. Conversations about art, even when the hero and most of his friends happen to be artists of one kind or another, can easily become wearisome and out of place. If the author has any pet theories to air, he or she would do well to exclude them from a novel, and dress them out into some kind of popular handbook. It is only the very few who are sufficient masters of their craft to be able to introduce extraneous matter into a story without detracting from the art of the thing. Such ideas as these suggested themselves to me on reading David Lisle's clever novel, *A Painter of Souls* (Methuen: 6*s*.). The scene is laid in Rome; the characters, mostly women, belong to the foreign colony, and they are not, on the whole, very pleasant people. Miles Dering is a painter with peculiar gifts: he sees into the souls of his sitters, or tears up his canvas. Many people consider him a charlatan; those who know him are immensely attracted. There is a Princess Borizoff, and a Mrs. Waring, and a Society girl, Violet Hilliard, poor and, apparently, not too particular of her reputation—they are all attracted to the painter in their different ways. Dering falls in love with Violet, stakes everything upon her purity, and in the ends wins her. There is a really powerful scene at the end of the book—one has to wait rather a long time for it—and the characterisation throughout is clever. David Lisle is obviously a woman. If she paid more attention to her story and worked upon a smaller canvas, and was not too ready to over-estimate the ill-effects of absinthe, she would probably write a really good novel. As it is, *A Painter of Souls* is just good enough to be judged by high standards, and, being judged by them, just poor enough to fail.

"The Marriage of Quixote"

Like David Lisle's novel, *The Marriage of Quixote* (Secker: 6*s*.) is clever, and contains much brilliant dialogue. Here, again, however, the canvas is rather large for the story. But there is a virility in Mr. Donald Armstrong's book which is lacking in *A Painter of Souls*. Wilfred Errington, with his cravat-philosophy, flits through the book, and barely reacts on the hero, Andrew Grahame, whilst his suicide at the end strikes a wrong note. Otherwise the story is excellent. Grahame's marriage is particularly quixotic, but he finds happiness with Muriel Rivers, and we are immensely pleased. And all Mr. Armstrong's characters have something to recommend them—even Miss Athelstane, the soulful actress, is not quite so bad as the author would have us believe. *The Marriage of Quixote* is one of those books which should be kept with a view to comparing it with such further work as the author may write. It is not callow—there is a delicate finish to every page—and it shows a pretty literary taste—in the best Oxford manner.

RALPH STRAUS

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Yachting is the chief attraction at Ryde during September. While their elders sail the waters of the Solent in sea-going yachts, future Nelsons and Admirals' ladies display skill in navigation on the Canoe Lake where even a Cap o' wind leaves the water unrippled. The little lady on the left is shown in a paddle boat which runs without coal and oil, the motive power being provided by the navigator working a couple of cranks

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The Significance of the Channel Swim

WHY IT APPEALS TO ENGLISHMEN

An 80 to I Chance

A fortnight or so ago I read an article in one of the sporting papers, on swimming the Channel, by a man who wrote as one having authority and not as the Fleet Street scribes. He arrived at the conclusion that to swim the Channel was an impossibility nowadays; and that something had happened to the Channel since the days of the late lamented Captain Webb to render its precocious tides more impassable now than they were then. As soon as I had read that article I said to myself "That's done it!" I felt certain that before many more days had passed somebody would achieve the feat, because I am a strong believer in the "pure 'cussedness" of fortune. And behold it was so! It is interesting to note that Channel swimming "came in" with the present century. From 1875, the year of Webb's achievement, down to the end of 1900, only three attempts, one by a woman, and two alleged to be successful, but discredited—were made. But 1901 saw the beginning of a series of essays in which Holbein, Burgess, and Wolffe have been the protagonists, and which have been carried on steadily every summer without success during a period of ten years until the other day, when Burgess succeeded at his sixteenth attempt. Captain Webb succeeded at his third shot, and, after that, seventy-eight failures were recorded, of which Burgess took part in fifteen and Wolffe in seventeen before Burgess finally "got there."

An Entente-Cordiale Channel Victory

After battling for nearly twenty-four hours with the fierce currents of the Channel, Burgess has succeeded in reaching the French coast from St. Margaret's Bay. He has won victory only after many failures, this being his sixteenth attempt. It is a *vrai entente-cordiale* win, Burgess having been born a Yorkshireman, settled in Paris, and married a Frenchwoman. Captain Webb's record of 1875, however, still remains unbeaten by over an hour

The Wrong View of the Feat

During these ten years the Channel swim has been regarded seriously, flippantly, hopefully, despairingly—pretty nearly from every point of view, in fact—by the press and the public. I must confess to having taken it rather seriously myself, and to have felt extremely delighted when I learnt that Burgess had brought it off. It shows that there are still men of grit left in decadent old England, and the superior person who writes or says condescendingly that it is a splendid but perfectly useless feat can be left in his superior isolation. He has failed to realise that one reason why Englishmen have got on rather well in the world is that they are fond of attempting difficult and dangerous feats quite irrespective of their utility.

The Object of Athleticism

If all athletic feats were to be judged solely by the standard of their practical usefulness, athleticism would soon have to take a back seat. But, fortunately, the true value of athleticism is still appreciated. Of course, it is very smart and original to ask, "What is the use of swimming the Channel when you can cross it much more comfortably in a steamboat?" But you might just as well ask, "What is the use of being able to run ten or eleven miles in an hour when you cover can the same distance in a car in (say) twenty minutes?" or even "What is the use of trying to jump over a bar between 5ft. and 6ft. above the ground when it is so much easier to walk under it?" No, I confess to feeling very distinctly optimistic about the future of a nation which produces men who are keen on performing these so-called useless feats, particularly when they are feats of endurance combined with skill: and the importance of Burgess's success is emphasised by the fact that it comes after so many failures. It shows that there are still plenty of triers about. Holbein, Wolffe, and Burgess himself have all nearly "got the course" more than once. Let me add, that though France may claim him as a resident, Burgess is English to the backbone—a typical Yorkshireman if ever there was one. The swimming of the Channel appeals to Englishmen because a man, in order to do it, must be a fast swimmer and a stayer as well. That it appealed to King George is shown by the fact that he caused a telegram to be sent to Burgess congratulating him upon his success. That ought to be just about good enough for most people. And now, just to wind-up with, let me record a conversation which I overheard on Thursday last between two men who had just read "all about it" in their papers. Jones, after expressing his admiration in suitable terms, added: "Pity, though, that he broke down and burst into tears on landing." "Not at all, my dear fellow," retorted Brown; "merely an improvement on the ordinary method of getting rid of the superfluous salt water in the system."

H. S. S.

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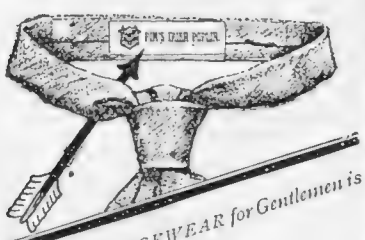

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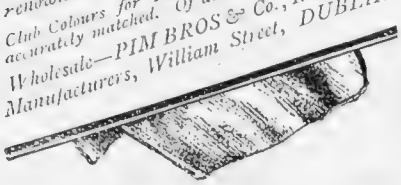

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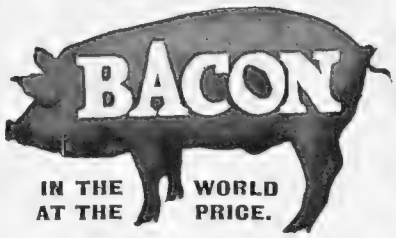

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RACING: The St. Leger. By CARBINE

The Last Classic

In spite of the comparatively moderate calibre of the runners, the last classic race of the season will be very interesting. The fact that there is absolutely no direct line to enable us to discriminate between the merits of King William, Lycaon, and Prince Palatine makes the event a peculiarly interesting problem. Besides, there is always the off-chance that some awful outsiders, like Doricles and Throstle were, will turn up to vanquish the favourites. If you carefully study the season's form, you will not find very much to admire about King William. But he is the representative of a very powerful stable, is highly thought of by Mr. George Lambton, and is the mount of the well-nigh all-conquering Frank Wootton. These facts combine to keep him a solid favourite. It seems to me that Lycaon's form this season, though there has not been much of it, is superior to King William's, and there seems to be no logical reason why he should not be a better colt than the latter.

Forecast of the Result

Stamina is, above all, the great requirement of the race for the St. Leger, and of the various candidates this time Prince Palatine, in my opinion, has shown himself the best equipped in this respect. The colt has not been boomed, because he is not in a fashionable stable; but you cannot get away from the merit of his performance at Goodwood, where he easily disposed of Phryxus over a distance of a mile and a half. Of the outsiders I have chief regard for Pietri. In summing up my views of the race I select **Prince Palatine** to win, and I expect LYCAON and PIETRI to prove worthy of support for places.

Other Doncaster Events

Next to the St. Leger, the Doncaster Cup is usually the most interesting event of the week, and there promises to be a good race on Friday. I shall stand **Lemberg** to beat Kilbroney and the rest. On Thursday the Portland Plate will give an opportunity for the fastest sprinters in training to come together, and there bids fair to be a great struggle between fliers like Sunder, Spanish Prince, Braxted, and Iron Mask II. I shall not be surprised to see **Sunder** take revenge for his unexpected defeat at Goodwood. The whole Doncaster programme is strongly alluring to the lover of good racing, but unless rain comes early in the week I am afraid that fields, for the most part, will be on the small side. It is always difficult to find the winner of the Cleveland Handicap, but on Wednesday I fancy **Cyrano.** On the following afternoon the Prince of Wales's Nursery may be won by **Sweeper II.,** and the Park Hill Stakes by **Martingale II.**

The Scorching First. By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

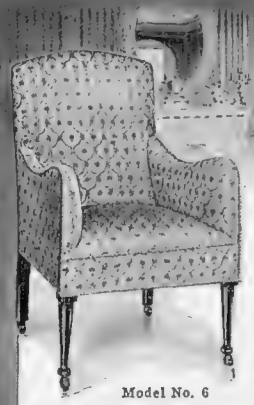
IS there anyone, I wonder, who went out to seek the life of the little, game, brown bird on September 1 or 2 this year who will ever forget it? By *it,* I mean the grilling heat! There is of certainty one thing, and that is, I personally shall enter it in the annals of my humble shooting career as being the red-hottest letter-day of my experience. My opening day of shooting in England was in Bucks, on an estate which ranks among the limited number of classic shoots of the country. It is one on which our present King, Princes, Peers, Privy Councillors, and all our best-known gunners have shot, and its name is a familiar one, though, perhaps, it is best known as a pheasant rather than a great partridge shoot. The early morning gave us a decided hint as to what we might expect was in store for us as regards weather, for there was that slight haze which unmistakably portends great heat. By ten o'clock we were in position for the first division of the two sets of drivers to commence their work.

Scarce Birds

Can one be surprised that even on an estate where there is abundance of good cover, which this one certainly lacks, birds would, on such a sweltering day, be hard to find, and, when put up, refuse to fly like decent, well brought-up partridges should do on a belted earl's domain? By eleven o'clock matters got rapidly more sultry. Ninety in the shade means about 126 in the sun, and this we bore like martyrs at the stake, trying our best to stop "rights" and "lefts" with, I fear, but moderate success—at any rate, so far as my parboiled self was concerned. No wonder the birds were hard to find, for on this particular land every inch of it is either hilly or very undulating. There is little or no water, there are scarcely any roots, and so they very naturally sought what cover they could from the sun's rays in orchards, springs, and even the big woods. It is quite a mystery to me how any partridge on this estate has survived this season's drought, for it is the driest, least-watered, and most scantily rooted land it has ever been my fortune to come across.

September Not Herself

September is a month which we always think the best in the whole year. There is generally just a touch of autumn in the air to cool it—a crispness, a something which decidedly invigorates after the enervating heat of summer. Shooting under such conditions is too delightful, but when, like this year, it reminded one of nothing so much as the worst of the dog days, then, I confess, shooting is robbed of much of its pleasure. Though I give way to no one in my fondness for the sport, still, under these broiling conditions, I fear I must say, a roomy arm-chair, a copy of THE BYSTANDER, in a cosy, cool corner of my club, is far preferable to baked stubbles. Whatever may be recorded of the day, doings, or bags of the opening of the partridge season of 1911, it can, at least, be said by those monomaniacs who love to bore their friends about "records," that, so far as the heat was concerned, this one, at any rate, was a veritable "corker." To this they can add that it will stand out for ever as such, and will be entitled to, at least, honourable mention among the hottest "Firsts" ever known or experienced by "guns," keepers, drivers, dogs, and even by the very birds themselves. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.



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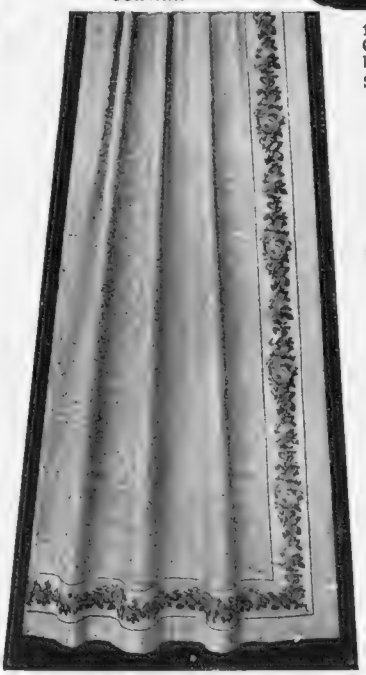

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She looks like a girl of 18.

beautify your eyelashes and eyebrows, and obtain a luxuriant growth of hair, and make yourself look from ten to thirty years younger. Judging by the thousands of letters which she is receiving daily it will not be long before the present edition of her book will be exhausted; therefore all readers should write her at the earliest possible date. This great Beauty Book treats on a wonderful new process that makes wrinkles disappear in from one to two nights in many instances, that commences to grow new flesh and tissue in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. It contains startling pictures of beautiful women, which show the marvellous transformation made in a woman's appearance by removing her wrinkles, enlarging her bust, rounding out a thin, scraggy neck, and building up hollow cheeks. Every wife, mother, girl, or sweetheart—rich or poor, old or young—who values her youth and beauty should write at once for a copy of this great book. Readers may receive absolutely free this wonderful work (until the present edition is exhausted) provided they will cut out and send in the coupon below, with name and address plainly written. It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who have been benefited by her quick and harmless beauty secrets. If you are interested write to her to-day for a copy of this marvellous book. It gives you secrets for which she has travelled thousands of miles across seas, and spent months of study and research in foreign lands, to obtain. Simply cut out the coupon below and post at once, and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls and women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty, and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The Aviator at Play

Valentine, the eminent British flyer, finding relaxation from the perils of motoring by sky in the placidity of motoring by sea. The boat is competing in a race of British motor-boats at Lowestoft

Night Noises Again

The Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has issued the anticipated official warning to motor owners upon the subject of night noises. I do not know whether it is to be taken as a threat; nor do I know what is likely to happen in the event of the noises continuing. I only know that there is a hint of possible "oppressive legislation" unless the "intolerable nuisance" is abated. I also know that the notice is most beautifully vague, and gets us exactly nowhere. It is not even definite upon the subject of the cut-out, the one thing it might have dealt with safely. It explains very thoughtfully what a cut-out is and the mechanical effect it produces. It also points out that some motorists use electrical horns and sirens, and explains that certain alarms are operated by the engine exhaust, which again is helpful. But it insists upon the necessity for "audible and sufficient warning of approach" being given, even while it calls upon motorists not to do the one thing that motorists regard as necessary if they are to put themselves into conformity with the Act.

In Reply to the Commissioner

I dealt with this matter at some length several weeks ago. I said then, and repeat to-day, that, until we know what "audible and sufficient warning of approach" means exactly, no serious step can be taken, either by the motorist or anybody else, against the motorist, apart from the suppression of the cut-out in towns. I do not believe the cut-out in towns is met with often enough to make a cause for complaint. That is because there is no need for it. The cut-out is often there, but it is not used because there is no call for it. And that indicates the ordinary motorist's attitude towards horns and other forms of road warnings. If they were not obliged to use them they might not use them nearly so much as they do to-day. But they have no alternative. It is absurd to suggest that the alarm is used because the motorist wishes to indulge in unreasonable speed. Any motorist who has to do much driving in towns will affirm that he uses his horn most when he is driving at a comparatively slow pace. It is absurd, again, to suggest that exhaust whistles and electrical signals are peculiarly obnoxious. As a matter of fact, the exhaust alarm is generally much less obnoxious, much more musical and pleasant, than the horn. Its vogue is explained on that ground. There are some signals that annoy me considerably. They are raucous and irritating. But I have to admit that they are most effective road-clearers, and I am obliged to add that in many town areas nothing less will have any effect at all either upon the vehicular or the pedestrian traffic. No. If the Chief Commissioner desires to give a friendly lead to motorists he should come along with a few suggestions. He would find motorists always willing and generally anxious to place themselves in conformity with any regulation that might be submitted in the public interest.

Record Breaking

To say that the twelve-hour record has gone hardly conveys the idea. The twelve-hour record has been rather ruthlessly slaughtered. It has stood since 1907, when Mr. S. F. Edge, on a 60 h.-p. Napier, in the course of establishing a twenty-four hour record, covered 799 miles 1,600yds. Since the 1st inst., when the 25-30 h.-p. six-cylinder Sunbeam set out to better that notable performance, it has stood

at 907m. 1,535yds.! In other words, the record of a 60 h.-p. car of 1907 has been beaten by a 25-30 h.-p. car of 1911 by over 100 miles—an average of 75.4 miles an hour for twelve hours! As an expression of automobile development, and particularly of Sunbeam efficiency, that is surely as emphatic as anything could well be. Even to-day we think of 75m.p.h. as largely a sprint or a short-distance speed pace. To maintain it for twelve hours with the chassis being whipped and tossed over the inequalities of Brooklands track, and to reel off the laps at a pace that hardly varied at all, is a splendid and remarkable achievement. The Sunbeam has its name to a long list of fine victories, but never to anything so fine as this. It was assisted, of course, by sound organisation that could only have been based upon careful calculation and wide foresight. The manner in which that organisation secured replenishments, and a complete change of drivers and wheels, every two hours, was an instruction in how these things should be done. It is true that such precautions were not altogether necessary, but the figures to be bettered were large, and the care necessary was great. Heartiest congratulations to the Sunbeam Company upon this latest and greatest testimony to the design, material, and workmanship in their vehicles. And to Shell upon the potency of the spirit.

908 Miles in a Day!

The 25-30 h.-p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, which recently achieved the extraordinary record of over seventy-five miles per hour for twelve consecutive hours, replenishing with Shell Spirit at Brooklands

In Compression

There is a little book—and, by the way, it is an unusually interesting and instructive little book of novel design and of excellent production—issued by the B. F. Goodrich Company, which sets down in a phrase one of the real reasons for a large measure of the dissatisfaction which some motorists feel when ruminating upon the burning question of tyres. "It is a singular thing," says my booklet, "that some motorists will spend six months choosing a car and grudge six minutes to choosing tyres for it." That is so. It *is* a singular thing. I can only presume the explanation to be that, in the minds of some motorists, tyres are so much alike, all carrying large promises and all so full of frailty on the road, that selection is sheer waste of time, and of no good purpose at all. There is some amount of truth in that—but not too much. If it were the whole truth no tyre would have an appeal over any other to any motorist. He would just take the first cover he struck in the tyre shop. He does not because, in his experience or that of his friends, one tyre has given better results than another; or it has a greater reputation. He will naturally choose that tyre against the others—and rightly. The only difficulty is that his knowledge may cover no more than one or two makes and by confining himself to these he may be losing the advantage that may be in other makes not within his experience. Only a wide test of all the tyres on the market can remedy that disadvantage. In the absence of that test he has necessarily to fall back upon reputation in making any change. Which brings me to the tyre referred to in the booklet from which I have culled a text—the Goodrich Tyre. Upon reputation the Goodrich tyre is certainly with the first makes in this country. With equal certainty it can be affirmed that it is one of the strongest claimants upon the consideration of the motorist who would extend his experience. In my own road knowledge it is a splendidly moulded cover of high resiliency, and, because of the quality of the material from which it is made, of great durability. It seems peculiarly impervious to flint cuts and running abrasions (the special process of tread-toughening is the reason), and in its rubber-studded non-skid form is as efficient as it is "good" to the road. By all means take time and thought for the selection of tyres, and by all means take the Goodrich into consideration. If you also take the trouble to send for that little booklet, it will be trouble well taken.

A Fine Rubber Non-Skid

A section of the Goodrich rubber-studded non-skid tyre, one of the most efficient, durable, and resilient available on the English market

As a reliability test 7,000 miles seems to be an all-sufficient distance. The idea is to demonstrate that a car on the road can run with a certainty and regularity equal to that of any train and with even less attention. A 16-20 h.-p. Lorraine-Dietrich has been put into commission by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts for the purpose, and will cover a distance of 150 miles a day (Sundays excepted), under R.A.C. observation, until the 7,000 miles have been completed. On my own knowledge of the car and of some trains I would hazard the prophecy that this Lorraine-Dietrich will come out an easy winner. It could not help itself very well. And I will affirm further that if the car does not achieve its purpose by comparison with any train, it will not be running up to its form. There are two seats available on the car, and anyone interested can have one of them for a day (if they have not been booked right up, of course) by applying to Messrs. Jarrott and Letts.

NEW CAR FOR SALE. 16-20 h.-p. ITALA. Single Landaulette. Body by HOOPER. For immediate delivery.—Full particulars from Itala Automobiles, Ltd., 71, St. James' Street, S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 406.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, September 13, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

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The House stands about 100 yards from road, 300ft. above sea, and contains *lounge hall (about 30ft. by 20ft., with oak-beamed inglenooks and old dog grate), large oak-beamed dining room, 5 bedrooms, bath, etc.* Company's water. Stabling. Extensive farm-buildings. *Old-world gardens, flagged paths, sundial, and old wells.* Tithe and land tax redeemed.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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A BARGAIN.

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OXTED (on the Surrey Hills, 1 mile from Oxted Station and close to Limpsfield Common and Golf Links).—Messrs. SEALE and SEALE will SELL the above, together with another HOUSE known as "LONG ACRE," Oxted, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on October 9, 1911, at 2 o'clock. Each House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 and 10 bedrooms respectively, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall. Both Houses stand in 1¾ acres of well-laid-out grounds, with terrace walks, full-sized tennis lawns, etc. Also 15 acres of Freehold Building Land, 1 mile from Oxted Station and close to Limpsfield Common. To be Offered in Plots from ½ acre upwards, suitable for the erection of good-class Residences.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of Messrs. MORICE STRODE and SON, Solicitors, 8, Serjeant's Inn, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, Oxted, Surrey.

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HOUSES TO BE LET.

ANDOVER (Hants).—A few comfortable RESIDENCES, with gardens and grounds, are to be LET, with possession at Michaelmas, at Rents ranging from £50 to £80.—Apply to Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Estate Agent, Andover, Hants.

By Order of the Executors of the late James W. Reeve, Esq. With possession.

SOUTH HANTS (in a charming pine district, 235ft. above sea level, close to South Stoneham Golf Links, and only 2½ miles from Southampton, with its well-known yachting facilities).—The Valuable RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as "RED LODGE," BASSETT,

a well-built and appointed Residence, containing: fine hall, 4 entertaining rooms, billiard room, spacious offices, 16 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; excellent stabling for 5 horses, with harness and coach and motor houses; small farmery; lodge entrance; gardener's cottage; several ranges of modern built glasshouses; exceptionally beautiful gardens and grounds and parklands, having an area of about 29 acres (more or less), studded with fine timber and ornamental trees and shrubs, and a profusion of rhododendrons, for which this locality is noted; gas, electric light installation; main water supply; telephone; modern drainage.

MESSRS. GUDGEON AND SONS have been favoured with instructions to SELL the above PROPERTY by AUCTION (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty), at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, on Monday, September 18, 1911, at 3 p.m. precisely.—Particulars and conditions of sale and orders to view may be had in due course of Messrs. H. B. WORRELL and SON, Solicitors, 80, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, The Auction Mart, Winchester.

FOR SALE (near Maidenhead), charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in own grounds; telephone attached: 2 reception, 5 bed and bath rooms (h. and c.); large kitchen and flower gardens, orchard (well stocked); 2 ponds; good coach-house, stable 2 stalls; nicely situated, beautiful scenery; part or all furniture could be bought. Moderate price. Excellent opportunity to secure an ideal country home.—COX, Foxley Cottage, Holyport, Maidenhead.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE GRAFTON AND BICESTER HUNTS AND 1¼ HOURS FROM LONDON.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—To be LET, Furnished, for the Hunting Season, or Unfurnished on Lease, a charming and compact HUNTING BOX in lovely old-matured grounds of 7 acres, 350ft. above sea level, and close to small market town. It contains: oak-panelled hall, inner hall with Jacobean staircase, panelled dining room, double drawing room, morning room, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; excellent stabling for 8 horses, motor garage, meadow-land, gas, water, telephone. Rent, 11 guineas per week from October or 240 guineas for 6 months, or would Let, Unfurnished, on Lease at £200 a year. SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.—Apply, MAPLE and Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

IDEAL HOUSE FOR AN INVALID.

£1,500 WILL BE ACCEPTED for a well-built modern red brick and tiled COTTAGE RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices, with stable, coach-house, man's cottage, and pretty grounds of nearly an acre; situated in a village, near the church, and about 1 mile from a railway station. Vacant possession on completion of purchase.—Particulars of Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Surveyor, Andover, Hants.

GENTLEMAN'S SMALL RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

ANDOVER (Hants).—For SALE, with vacant possession, a well-built HOUSE, standing in 5½ acres of pleasure grounds, from which very fine views are obtainable. There are 3 reception rooms, unusually good billiard room, and 6 bedrooms, fitted with every modern convenience; lighted by acetylene gas; entrance lodge and excellent accommodation for motors, horses, etc.—Apply to Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Estate Agent, Andover, Hants.

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HANTS.—In the favourite Andover neighbourhood, 1 mile from a station.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—The above delightful PROPERTY, in a high and bracing situation, about 300ft. above sea level: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 6; well-timbered gardens, with 'awns, walled kitchen garden, flower gardens, pergola, paddock, etc., in all about 3 acres; 2 cottages can be had in addition.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD. —Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

½ HOUR FROM TOWN, AND NEAR THE STOKE POGES GOLF CLUB.

BUCKS.—To be SOLD, above depicted charming RESIDENCE, lighted by electricity, and containing: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, etc.; delightful gardens of about an acre; gravel soil.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

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A BEAUTIFUL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES, IN A RING FENCE.

TO BE SOLD.

Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.

Long carriage drive. Richly timbered park and grounds. House faces due South and is protected from the North.

Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.

Stabling for 6; walled kitchen garden; lake with island; model farm, farmhouse, 2 cottages.

House and 16 acres in hand,
Residue Let at £274 per annum.

—Highly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

A BARGAIN.

BUCKS.—The most beautiful part of the county and within easy reach of London. Splendidly appointed RESIDENCE, with 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, etc.; electric light, gravel soil, lovely old gardens, 2 cottages; stabling and garage. About 10 acres in all. FREEHOLD for Sale at a low figure.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

HERTFORDSHIRE. In the favourite Knebworth neighbourhood. Just over ½ an hour from Town.

½ mile from First-Class 18-hole Golf Course.

£220 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—The above charming old MANOR HOUSE, adjoining a celebrated park: 11 bedrooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices; main water supply; modern drainage; stabling for 6; cottage; beautiful old gardens of about 4 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

WILTS.—In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury.

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. RAWLENCE and SQUAREY, Salisbury, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

A BARGAIN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

In a beautiful part. 250ft. above sea level.

£2,900, FREEHOLD.—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

OWNER MUST SELL BEFORE THE WINTER.

A GENUINE SHOW PLACE FOR SALE AT AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN PRICE.

LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS (an hour from London).—The delightful old QUEEN ANNE HOUSE contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling and cottage.

PERFECT OLD-WORLD GARDENS, FOR THEIR SIZE PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE COUNTY.

—Price for the Freehold and full particulars can be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., W.

SUSSEX (in a picturesque village, 6 miles from Haywards Heath).—Well-built RESIDENCE, with glorious views over South Downs. Accommodation: 8 bed and dressing rooms; stabling and garage, with coachman's cottage; over 2¾ acres of delightful gardens; electric light; radiators; telephone; Company's water; small premium.—Inspected and recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

Rent, £114 per annum.

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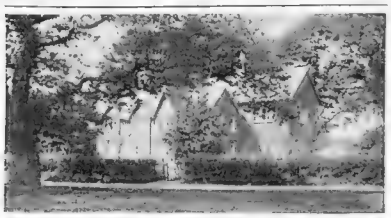
KENT (near Maidstone; 2½ miles from station, on main Folkestone line). —Attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 2, motor-house; picturesque grounds, orchard, and productive land, 5 ACRES; cottage.—Price, Freehold, £1,650. Photos.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

ON THE DORSET COAST.

LYME REGIS (near, 'midst beautiful country), picturesque RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms; beautifully matured pleasure grounds, 4 ACRES; stabling for 3; carriage drive 120 yards long; entrance lodge;

GOLF AND HUNTING.

Price, £1,600. Photos.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



ESSEX (near Witham), 'midst lovely country.—A compact, pretty little AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 108 ACRES. In addition to the above depicted picturesque farmhouse is a Gentleman's Residence, with pretty pleasure grounds and stabling; extensive buildings; splendid sporting; no land tax; tithe £19. Freehold, £3,100.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

BUCKS (near Bletchley; close to station on L. and N.W. Rly.).—For SALE, charming old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE,

ORIGINALLY AN OLD FARMHOUSE,

restored with great judgment and taste: 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, billiard, and 4 reception rooms; beautiful old grounds and pasture-land, 15 ACRES; 2 cottages; stabling for 6; Company's water and gas.

SHOOTING, HUNTING, AND GOLF.

Low price for immediate Sale.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (near Horsham).—A charming bijou RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 40 ACRES, situate close to an old-world village. The pretty old-fashioned Residence, with OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING, contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms, but additions are easy at small cost; there are pretty pleasure grounds and parklands; good stabling; farmery, cottage. PRICE, £6,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A GENUINE OLD THIRTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE.
FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.
NO FINER VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

ON THE SURREY BORDER (400ft. above sea level).—Quaint hall, 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; Sussex stone roof, open fireplaces, winding carriage drive,

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

heavily timbered; wide-spreading lawns, flower beds, ornamental water, orchards, wood, and

PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES.

Excellent stabling; motor garage. Tempting price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

CONSIDERED THE PRETTIEST PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT.

HORSHAM (1 mile from this favourite market town, high up, on light soil, 'midst beautiful country, almost adjoining famous golf links).—The ELEGANT RESIDENCE contains: 4 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; there is a long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; excellent stabling; garage; exceptionally pretty pleasure grounds and parklike meadows of 15½ ACRES. Price £6,500.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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1 HOUR FROM TOWN ON MAIN G.N.R.

FOR SALE, at moderate price, charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 large reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, handsome billiard room (all on 2 floors); beautiful pleasure

GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER

and pasture-land, 13 ACRES; good stabling and motor garage; all in excellent repair; GRAVEL SOIL.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A TIMES PRICE BARGAIN.

HANTS (near Andover).—Beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order; charming grounds, stabling, garage, extensive buildings, and

130 ACRES OF RICH LAND.

BARGAIN, £2,650.

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TO LET ON LEASE. WITH POSSESSION.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ALVESTON MANOR HOUSE, a fine thirteenth century specimen, standing in its own charming old-world grounds of about 3 ACRES: orchard, kitchen, and flower gardens, extensive lawns; stabling, garage; entrance lodge; with or without 9 acres of old turf, farmery and cottages adjoining; first-class hunting centre and social neighbourhood; excellent golf course 1 mile; fishing and boating.—For full particulars and order to view, apply WALKER BARNARD, F.A.I., Estate Agent, Stratford-on-Avon.

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ANDOVER (Hants).—Two or three Furnished HOUSES, with capital grounds, stables, etc., are to be LET at Rents of 4 guineas per week. Good hunting and shooting are obtainable in the district.—Apply to Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Estate Agent, Andover, Hants.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

ANDOVER (Hants).—FREEHOLD RESIDENCES, standing in pretty grounds, for SALE, with vacant possession, at prices ranging from £1,000 to £3,000.—Particulars of Mr. ALLAN HERBERT, Estate Agent, Andover, Hants.

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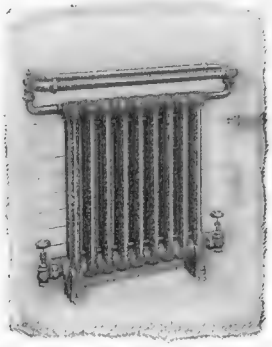

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CAN BE FIXED TO ANY HOT-WATER APPARATUS

The width of the Radiator proper is 4⅜in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8⅜in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.

Made in 9 to 18 sections, the 9 sections measure 1ft. 11 3-8in. over the Radiator proper, and each extra section adds 2 9-16in.

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Best Fitting & Value Breeches made.
In Riding & Bedford Cords, Real Harris & Scotch Tweeds, Sheppards' Checks, & the **Famous "H.H." GARBETTE** (Thorn, Rain-proofed, & Washable).
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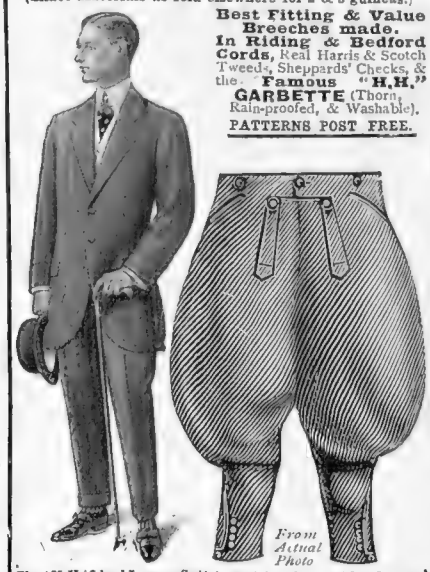

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The 'H.H.' Ideal Lounge Suit, fr. **63/-** (as often sold fr. 4 & 5gns.)
'H.H.' Morning Coat & Vest, fr. 55/- (as often sold fr. 3½ & 4½gns.)

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-Measurement Form.
PATTERNS POST FREE.
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The astonishing growth in the sale of "State Express" Cigarettes reveals a remarkable demand for an article of the highest quality. *On five separate occasions* has the "State Express" Factory been enlarged and still it is hardly possible to cope with the immense increase in business.

No. 555 100 **4/9** 25 **1/3** 10 **6d.**

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SIMPLEX for Brown Boots does not tarnish or darken.
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SIMPLEX for Household Utensils, Furniture, Floors, etc., and all kinds of Marble and Metal Goods; will give a lasting polish which cannot be equalled.
SIMPLEX is a Money Saver, as it is 50 per cent. cheaper than other polishes; is less fatiguing to use, as it gives a perfect shine in a minimum of time; is second to none; and is BRITISH MADE.
Ask your Grocer or Oilman for a tin to-day, or it can be procured direct from—
THE SIMPLEX POLISH CO., ROADE, NORTHANTS.
Who will send a full-sized 3d. tin, which is equal in size and quantity to the 4½d. tins of other makes, upon receipt of 3 penny stamps to cover postage, etc.

If you want **THE BEST FIFTEEN** H.P. Car purchase from the firm who make nothing else.

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All we ask is to SEE it and TRY it!

After four years' concentration on ONE MODEL, we now claim the perfection aimed at.

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ONE MODEL ONLY.
(Various types of bodies.)

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Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

PREPARING THE SCHOOLBOY'S OUTFIT

IMMEDIATELY on my return to English soil my sympathies were enlisted by several mothers in the throes of passing their boys on from preparatory to Public Schools. My method for dealing with a boy's sartorial welfare was of the simplest order. I just shifted the whole responsibility on the broad, capable shoulders of Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. The leading spirit there is not only thoroughly efficient in knowledge, but an enthusiast. A case in point is their football shirts.

At Shoolbred's, they are offered in all sizes, in a good hard-wearing serge, at half a crown.

There are several notable Public Schools where no other style than the "Eton" coat and vest has been recognised for years, and in one or two instances it is obligatory. However, the genial genius at Shoolbred's knows all about that, and is certainly acting wisely in allowing us to illustrate a "Marlborough" coat and vest, in Vicuna worsted, accompanied by a pair of dark iron-grey stripe trousers.

Smart Tailoring for the Schoolboy

A "Marlborough" coat and vest in Vicuna worsted; the companion figure shows a Chestefield coat in iron-grey Cheviot. Both are sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar at Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road

These, again, exact a slight comment, in that the rule is growing less rigid as regards the haircord stripe. A wider line of slightly varying character is now permissible, which serves to mark the distinction between the schoolboy and his plagiarising prototype, the would-be gentlemanly office youth. To immediately anxious minds bent on economy, I may say there is little or no difference in price between the "Eton" coat and the "Marlborough," the latter starting at 18*s.* 6*d.*

In "Norfolk" suits, in tweeds and in homespuns, Shoolbred's claim to hold a choice second to none, and they run the gradation of sizes so closely, that practically any size boy can be fitted out of stock.

An Overcoat with a "Finish"

On the companion figure there is displayed an overcoat, built of iron-grey Cheviot, the fronts single-breasted in Chesterfield style, and the collar faced velvet. It would be impossible to find a better cut or better finished coat than this. This can, if desired, be had with double-breast fronts, and without the velvet collar, a coat equally suitable for Sunday and for

The Secret of Retaining Facial Charm.

POMEROY

SKIN FOOD

A woman's skin needs nourishment, and facial charm fades when the skin is starved. The best food for the skin is undoubtedly Pomeroy Skin Food, a preparation which has made the name of Pomeroy famous not only in Great Britain, but in the Colonies, on the Continent, in America, India, in fact, all over the world.

Pomeroy Skin Food first cleanses the skin of all impurities, and then sets to work to banish wrinkles, build up hollows, round out lines, and restore to the cheeks the delicate bloom of youthfulness. Wherever you reside, you should use Pomeroy Skin Food. Your skin craves for Pomeroy Skin Food—satisfy this natural call for food and learn at the same time the secret of retaining Facial Charm.

1/6, 3/6 & 5/- a jar—of Chemists, Stores, or direct from

MRS. POMEROY, Ltd.,
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PROVINCIAL BRANCHES:

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MANCHESTER: 10, St. Ann's Square.
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If disfigured with Superfluous Hair, remember—Expert Electrolysis, as performed by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., is the only possible permanent remedy.

SEQUARINE

The wonderful serum discovered by Professor Brown-Sequard is a cure for—

NERVOUSNESS,
NEURASTHENIA,
ANÆMIA,
RHEUMATISM, GOUT,
KIDNEY DISEASE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PARALYSIS,
GENERAL WEAKNESS,
PULMONARY TROUBLES.

Sequarine Serum is prepared in two forms: one for taking like an ordinary medicine, and the other for injection. The above illustration shows both forms.

The Sequarine Book, giving full particulars of the Serum Treatment, will be sent gratis and post free to any applicant.

C. RICHTER & CO., Established 1782
Manufacturing Chemists,
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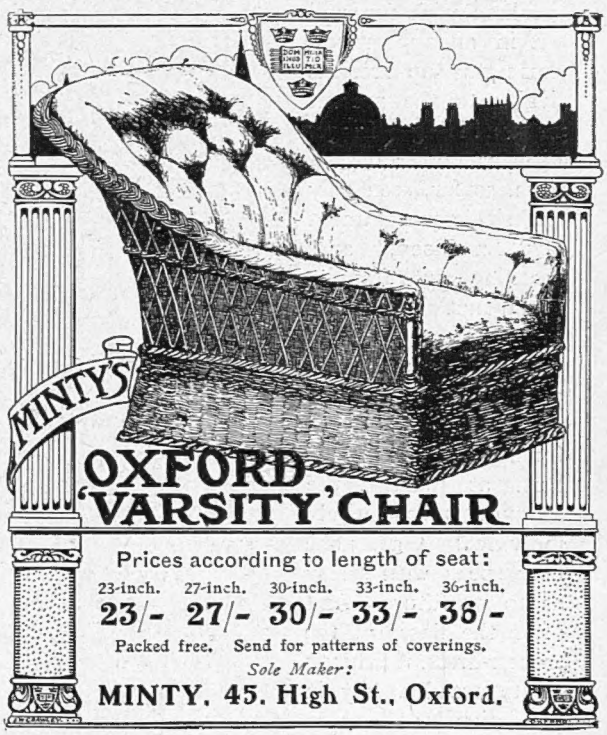
Sequarine is obtainable of all high-class Chemists and Stores, in bottles at 8/-, and for Hypodermic injection in Ampullae, four in a box, at 8/- per box.



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23-inch.	27-inch.	30-inch.	33-inch.	36-inch.
23/-	27/-	30/-	33/-	36/-

Packed free. Send for patterns of coverings.

Sole Maker:
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OLD ENGLISH CHINTZES

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A wonderful collection of the rarest types of the 17th and 18th centuries is to be seen at Hitchin.

1,600 PATTERNS TO SELECT FROM.
Samples forwarded on application

F. W. PHILLIPS,
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HITCHIN.

everyday wear, and of hardy, dust and dirt-resisting character, of which the commencing price is one guinea.

Another eminently useful and, perhaps, slightly more knockabout overcoat is arranged with the favourite strap back, and makes capital all-round wear in a heavy-weight tweed. Covert coating coats are another notable speciality with Shoolbred's, together with a Paramatta rubber waterproof that is not to be equalled anywhere at the price, a commencing one of 15*s.* 6*d.* In conclusion, it may, perhaps, be advantageous to mention that a stream of mothers in search of school outfits has set steadily towards Tottenham House.

The Fiasco of the Trouser-Dress

Directly the first sting in the air is realised, and probably before, because we have long since given up waiting on the weather muse, skirts trimmed about the hem with fur will put in an appearance, thus setting up a serious rivalry to the present prevailing fringe. Apropos of skirts, I have, so far, seen only one single presentment of "La Hoop," and, speaking quite frankly, I did not dislike it. Provided nothing worse than this tempered expression be attempted, we might go much further and fare worse. But, at present, the attempt is so entirely individual that none may speak with safety as to its future. And after the fiasco of the trouser-dress, it behoves all to tread warily in prediction.

Arguing, however, from the fact that the walking skirt will still obtain to a marked extent, there is a degree of hope the extended hem may attain a certain success. It would, without doubt, be easier to walk in than the hobble *jupe*, only it does not, somehow, quite fit in with crowded trains and tube vicissitudes, and it is also conceivable that difficulties might occur in the case of narrow taxi-cab doors.

But the accentuating of the hems with the above-mentioned bands of fur, and also ruches of tulle—these last on evening frocks—surely presage an era of greater width where our skirts are concerned. Those only who will regret the change will be the clever gymnasts who have mastered, after infinite toil, the quick and intricate revolutions of the Double Boston and One-Step in a skirt barely measuring one and a half yards wide. Another fortnight, though, or thereabouts, will reveal much.

A Charming Costume for Country Wear
The "Rannoch Conduit Costume," sketched at Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, by Mrs. Dorothy Millar

Designs for Country House and Durbar

From the end of July onwards the powers that rule at Ulster House know no rest. The demand upon their resources is unceasing, young and old seeking their assistance in the useful country suit and wrap-coat, wherefore the name of Kenneth Durward, Conduit Street, stands upon an enviable eminence. Their most recent achievements is the "Rannoch Conduit Costume," illustrated.

In a singularly attractive shade of cocoa-brown, this boasts the popular and practical five-gored skirt, allied to a quite new coat. The feature of the latter is a panel back and front, sloped off to effect a semi-fit, the front finishing in a long, soft roll, while leather buttons impart a workmanlike touch of distinguished character. It is this class of costume that denotes at once the social knowledge of the wearer, the English *vraie élégante* never failing to fit into the picture of country environment.

With the Durbar on everybody's lips, and an envious longing in half the hearts, there is every justification for Kenneth Durward christening a new wrap-coat the "Durbar." Built of reversible llama cloth, it is claimed that the "Durbar" is the lightest-weight warm wrap ever produced. The cut is flat and straight about the shoulders, but displays a decided flare from the hip-line, which allows the fronts being wrapped well over when the wearer is seated. The reverse is mostly used to form great revers, collar, and cuffs, every imaginable alliance being included in the selection. Every detail has been thought out with infinite care, as is the way at Ulster House, vertical pockets precluding any possibility of rain getting into these necessary apertures, the "Durbar," indeed, representing the ideal wrap for deck wear, motoring, and the like.

'A Beautiful Form and No More Hollows.'

HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST 6 INCHES IN 30 DAYS.

When my chest was flat and my shoulders thin and hollow, I thought that I must have been destined by Nature to go through life without knowing the charm of a full, beautiful bust. I faithfully tried every method I could hear of, but without obtaining any result, and I do not believe I would have ever possessed my present superb development had I not accidentally discovered a simple process which enlarged my bust six inches in thirty days, and wrought a complete transformation in my appearance. If every lady who longs for a beautiful bust could have seen me before I used this remarkable process, and then look upon me again to-day, she would surely feel that nothing less than a miracle could have produced such a marvellous change in so short a time. Yet this same treatment was tried by ten other ladies with undeveloped busts, and the results obtained within a few days utterly astonished the medical and scientific investigators, and in a few weeks each of the ten ladies had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried by fifty ladies, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained. Mme. C. Sire, of Montreuil, Bellay, says :—"The result that I have obtained from the VENUS - CARNIS TREATMENT convinces me that it can always be used with success."

This is a simple, easy process that any lady can use at home without the knowledge of anyone, and I am so grateful for what it has done for me that I feel I should reveal my secret to all my sisters who need it. Simply address—MARGARETTE MERLAIN Department 804 G., 85, GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W., and on receipt of penny stamp for postage I will send you particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope. Ladies who fear that their busts may become too large should stop the treatment as soon as they have obtained all the development desired.

A Charming Novelty.

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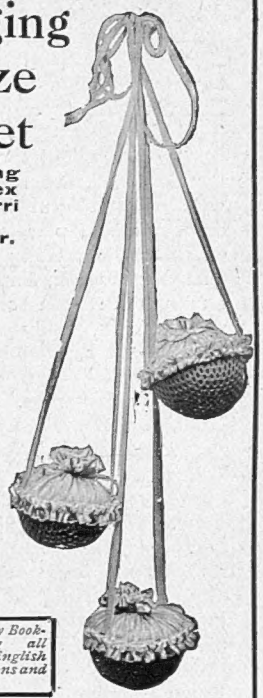

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The Editor's Box

Lyceum Theatre

The ever-popular romantic drama, *A Royal Divorce*, continues to be played to crowded houses by the excellent Lyceum Company.

"Mexico" at the Palladium

"Mexico," that very exciting spectacle with its wonderful water scene, still holds pride of place at this hall. An exceptionally strong programme included, last week, Anna Chandler, the famous American *comédienne*, Jack and Evelyn, Billy Williams, May Moore Duprez, Victoria Monks, Harry Ford, and George Mozart, the Palladium favourite.

"Ruritania" in Suburbia

For the melodramatist the Balkans ever offer new ground for reviving old plots. Mr. Campbell's *From Convent to Throne*, though more original than its fellows, is impregnated with a strong flavour of "Ruritania." With judicious pruning it has all the making of a good play. Thunder of cannon provide the excitement, and vows of Royal Princes and Princesses provide the love-interest. Mr. Cooper, of the Grand Theatre, Fulham, must be congratulated on his first venture as responsible manager.

"Poppies in the Corn"

(*To the Literary Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.)

SIR,—A book entitled "Poppies in the Corn," by Madame Albanesi, is being largely advertised just now as a "new" novel. Will you permit me, in fairness to myself, to point out that the book is *not* new work? It is an old serial story written some years ago and purchased just recently by the publishers, who issue it in book form, and who retain all interests to it.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, E. MARIA ALBANESI.

The Classic St. Leger

Doncaster Races, the most popular meeting of the year in the North, are close at hand, and the Great Northern Railway Company announce an excellent series of facilities. By the comfortable G.N. Route, the journey occupies only 2hr. 50min. between King's Cross and Doncaster.

Special luncheon car expresses, at ordinary fares, and formed of corridor vestibuled stock of the newest G.N. pattern, leave King's Cross at 9.40 a.m. to-day (Tuesday) and to-morrow, September 12 and 13, also at 10.10 a.m. on Thursday and Friday, September 14 and 15, arriving Doncaster at 12.34 and 1.8 p.m. respectively. The corresponding return dining car train leaves Doncaster at 5.45 p.m. Wednesday, September 13; at 6.10 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday, September 12 and 14; and at 4.40 p.m. (first-class only) and 4.55 p.m. (third-class only) Friday, September 15.

Express excursion trains, for two to five days, leave King's Cross during the week, and special excursion fares of 28*s.* first-class and 14*s.* third-class for one, two, or three days, and 32*s.* first-class and 16*s.* third-class for four or five days, will be in force, whilst the ordinary fares King's Cross and Doncaster are: Single, 23*s.* first-class; 12*s.* 11½*d.* third-class; return, 46*s.* first-class; 25*s.* 11*d.* third-class.

Programme and all information on application to W. Hills, Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross, or to any Great Northern station, town office, or agency.

An Important Sale of Jersey Cattle Free from Tuberculosis

At Crystalbrook, Theydon Bois, Essex, the property of J. Carson, Esq., on Tuesday, September 19. The catalogue includes the first prize-winner at this year's Oxfordshire Show, and daughters of Blythwood Bowl, gold medal, and first and second Royal winners; also several beautiful cows in calf to the 220 guinea bull "Combination," purchased at the late Lady de Rothschild's sale, and a number of young bulls and heifer calves by him. All animals will be sold subject to their passing the Tuberculin test. Catalogues can be obtained from Messrs. Hammond and Craufurd, Secretaries to the English Jersey Cattle Society, 19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. As far as can be traced, this is the first sale that cattle will be sold subject to their passing the Tuberculin test.

THE MENU: The Oyster Season

There are few more delicate hors d'œuvres than native oysters served on the shell, with quarters of lemon and thin brown bread and butter, but as some people cannot eat them raw, a few recipes for various ways of cooking may be appreciated in my menu to-day.

Oyster Croquettes
Oysters à la Maître d'Hotel
Stewed Oysters
Fried Oysters and Bacon
Oyster Rarebit (an American Recipe)
Orlys of Oysters

Oyster Croquettes

Croquettes aux huîtres are delicious when prepared thus: Beard two dozen large cooking oysters, drain them on a cloth, chop them, and mix well in a basin with ½lb. of breadcrumbs, 2oz. of butter, two tablespoonfuls of white sauce, pepper, cayenne, and a little lemon-juice. Stir over a slow fire to get warm through, then spread on a plate to cool. Shape the mixture into small cork shapes, cover with egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling fat. Drain well, dish, garnish with fried parsley, and serve very hot.

Oyster à la Maître d'Hotel

Wash and drain two dozen oysters. Put them in a stewpan with one tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully, and when the edges of the oysters begin to curl, add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and a little salt and pepper. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast. This can be easily prepared on a chafing-dish, and will be much appreciated as a little supper dish after the theatre.

Stewed Oysters

Drain the liquor from two dozen oysters, mix with it a small teacupful of hot water, add a little salt and pepper, and set over the fire in a saucepan. When it comes to the boil, take off the scum, and add a cupful of milk. Let it boil up at once, then put in the oysters, and allow to boil for three minutes longer. Add some butter, and when this is melted, take from the fire and serve at once.

Fried Oysters and Bacon

Choose large, plump oysters, dip them in beaten egg, then in fine breadcrumbs, roll each in a thin, even slice of bacon, fastening it together with a tiny skewer; place them in a hot frying-pan and fry till the bacon is crisp, watching carefully to avoid burning.

Oyster Rarebit

Cut up 4oz. of good Cheddar cheese, put it in a chafing-dish or frying-pan with a saltspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of flour, a pinch of pepper, and moisten with a well-beaten egg and a gill of hot milk. Chop finely the soft part of six oysters, and with half the liquor of the oysters stir it all into the cheese mixture. Stir altogether over the fire or gas, until it boils and becomes creamy. Serve on dainty rounds of well-buttered toast.

Orlys of Oysters

Blanch some large oysters, press them slightly between two dishes till cold, then slit them open—without quite severing them. Squeeze a little lemon-juice inside, and fold the oysters together again. Dip them in some frying batter, and fry in hot fat till they are crisp. Drain, and pile them up high on a fish-paper, and garnish with cut lemon and fried parsley. EMILIA